

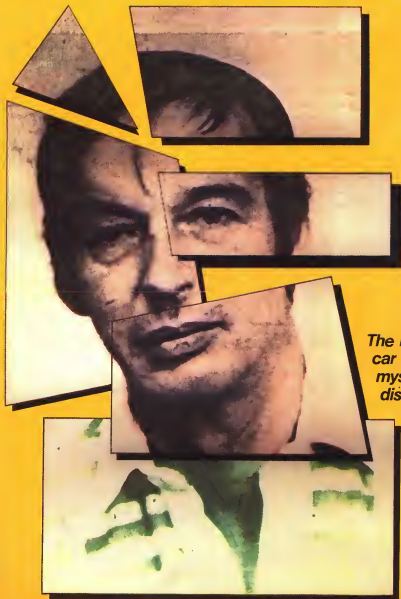
CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

AUGUST 25, 1980

\$1.00

WHERE is FRED JOHNSON?



*The millionaire
car dealer's
mysterious
disappearance*



34

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AUGUST 25, 1980

VOL. 93 NO. 34



Digging for dollars

Archaeology students digging in Ottawa this summer are finding all sorts of goodies, including evidence of past debauches, but when they could find more money for their pains. **Page 16**

Victory without grace

Jimmy Carter arrived in New York last week battered by the polls and fallout from Bayville, but despite his hardships, the Democrats' hunched run, the narrative. **Page 22**



COVER STORY

Where is Fred Johansen?

On the night of Aug. 25, 1979, a wealthy businessman was kidnapped at gunpoint from his home in Toronto's fashionable Forest Hill. The identity of the kidnappers, the city and, as the small time can rise and the big time rumors surfaced the story took on the dimensions of a national mystery. Two arrests and many leads later, the case is still very much alive. But can the same be said of Fred Johansen? **Page 40**



Kidder's oracle

Margot Kidder wants to turn Margaret Atwood's novel *Lady Oracle* into a film. She's looking that getting the right script and the right money may be a little far-fetched. **Page 50**

Unfulfilled promise

The Canadian Open World Movement held the promise of repeating this year a Member don classic. But the promise was dashed or quickly withdrawn. **Page 36**



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Both ends against the middle

By Michael Posner

The Leblond and Gay Caens of the Democratic party nominated a candidate for vice-president last week, a mild-mannered black socialist with the unfortunate name of Mel Boomer. Not least because of his name, Boomer stood no chance at all of success. Yet his candidacy was significant, reflecting not just the increasing visibility of homosexuals but the emergence of special-interest groups in the American political landscape as well. In 1978, four gay delegates attended the Democratic convention. They were, mostly a gay spokesman, "a clear embarrassment," openly shamed, severely rebuked. Last week, 36 Democratic delegates proudly affirmed their homosexuality. "There are now 30 million gay Americans," noted Jim Migan, chairman of the National Women's Political Caucus, "and we represent the cutting edge of victory for Democrats in 1980." Anyone who has studied the urban demographics of the U.S. will know that this is not mere rhetoric.

Democrats, of course, have long prided themselves on their diversity. The vast melting pot of American society itself is representative in the party, as it is not among the Republicans. But only in the past decade have these constituent elements begun to assert real power. Blacks, Hispanics, women, the environmentalists, pro-nukes, anti-nukes, military hawks, military doves—every major issue has at least two sides and both are card-carrying members of the Democratic party.

The Leblond and Gay Caens is now but one of dozens of single-issue factions, each vying for attention, money and power. Their emergence has fragmented the party beyond all recognition and raised serious questions about its essential identity. Suddenly, diversity seems less a strength than a liability, hampering even the appearance of unity and the party's ability to articulate consistent policy. More disturbing still, fragmentation seems to have forced James Carter to swim in the murky waters of the political middle, feeding off sharks on both sides. Indeed, if his presidency seems vacillating and incoherent, it is at least partly because he most consistently manoeuvres between conflicting interests, making out patterns that will appear (if not satisfy) the constraints. "You have to be a contrarian," says Eric Cox, lobbyist for something called the Campaign for our Reform. "Carter is constantly taking the pulse and creating a policy based on it."

But what sort of policy? And with what consequences? When Carter refused involvement in the B-1 bomber, the rightist right complained and the liberal left applauded.

But last week in New York the Democratic platform endorsed development of the controversial B-1 missile, and the cheering could be heard all the way from the Pentagon. It is precisely this kind of ambivalence that makes American allies doubt Carter's leadership. Like a blind man crossing through heavy traffic, Carter moves tentatively, looking for safe ground. One week he endorses his TV ambassador to vote in favor of an anti-land resolution—the next day he shatters it. Neither the Israeli nor the Arabs are entirely happy, but both sides claim a quiet victory. On the one hand he asserts (as the Democratic platform does) that the U.S. must increase its use of coal, creating tax breaks for suppliers and distributors. On the other he maintains (as does the Democratic platform) that energy development must be carried out "without sacrificing environmental quality." Which sounds fine, until one realizes that clean coal, given current technology, is not especially cost-efficient.

In New York, the seventh floor of convention headquarters was a political battleground: the Pro-Choice coalition (itself comprised of no separate entities) directly opposed the Pro-Life league, down the hall from the National Organization for Women, next to the Black Caucus, near Democrats against the Death, adjacent to Common Cause. The walls were lined with colorful posters and across posters in different directions. Young volunteers, wearing T-shirts emblazoned with appropriate slogans, crowded the foyer. Movement was difficult and the air was dense and tense. It seemed like a fair metaphor for the Democrats themselves.

Outside a room occupied by the Campaign for Safe Energy (CSE), organizer Larry Magid was preparing to distribute a new press release. The CSE had already won two major platform goals, a plan committing the U.S. to using solar energy for 30 per cent of its needs by the year 2000 and a pledge not to spend less on solar energy than for synthetic fuels. "We have the spirit and commitment and the moral imperative to spare the nation the effects of nuclear proliferation," Magid said. The question today has the spirit and the money to spare the nation the effects of a severe energy shortage. Carter's commitment is still unclear.

Even if Carter can somehow find the offensive course of this issue, what does it say about his leadership? Ted Kennedy complained to friends that what bothered him most about Carter was that he had no ideology, nothing he really stood for. Perhaps the special-interest groups have created a climate in which presidents seeking re-election must choose not the best policy for America, but the most uncontentious. Perhaps in the end, the commander-in-chief is now only a kind of negotiator.

Michael Posner is in Washington bureau chief.



Lesbian demonstrators landing off anchor.

It may seem a little early to bring up the subject of Spring when Fall has only just begun to fall, but you and your lawn will eventually thank us.

The fact is, Fall is one of the best times of the year to develop hearty, healthy grass plants. This is when your grass grows underground and starts preparing itself for Winter and Spring. And if you give it a good feeding right now, your grass plants will start sending out underground shoots called rhizomes which start new grass plants growing.

Fall is the best time to use Turf Builder. It prepares your lawn for Spring.

It also generates new grass blades from the crown, so each plant becomes bushier. And at the same time, it begins to put down new vigorous roots to replace the old ones lost during Summer.

All of this activity requires the right kind of fertilizer. And of all the so-called "Winter" fertilizers that we've tested, none does the job better than Turf Builder fertilizer from Scotts.

Turf Builder supplies your lawn with nitrogen, the key element it needs at this time of year. And it releases this nitrogen slowly over a two-month period to provide

rich Fall colour and strong root development. But it doesn't stop there. Your grass uses the nitrogen to build sturdy plant tissue and make carbohydrate foodstuffs for use in the Spring. When Spring comes, your grass will green-up earlier and repair itself faster. The end result is a thicker lawn full of healthy grass plants.

Right now is also a good time to get rid of any dandelions that might still be growing in your lawn and about to take up permanent residence. A half an hour with some Turf Builder Plus 2[®], the lawn fertilizer plus weed control from Scotts, and your Scotts Precision Flow spreader and you can say goodbye to them now.

All Scotts products are covered by our famous "No Quibble" guarantee. "If for any reason you are not satisfied with results after using any Scotts lawn or garden product, you are entitled to get your money back. Simply send evidence of purchase to us, addressed to Scotts, P.O. Box 138, Toronto.

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Vietnam War era. New a potential immigrant must apply for entry from his country of origin and have the offer of a job that no Canadian can fill. This, coupled with a new mood of political conservatism, makes it difficult for many to see Canada as a choice for future residents.

But the old guard is working on the problem. Jack Colburn is the former publisher of *America-Canada*, a defunct publication for American exiles which he ran while an exile in Canada himself. From his new home in Washington, he is trying to win support in Canada for a possible new group of draft-age immigrants. "There are definitely a lot of people who are considering going this way. If people are determined, the Canadian immigration laws will not prevent them from coming." Another member of that first exodus, Charlie Strass, reached Canada in 1972, aged 21, after dodging the draft and living underground for two years in northern Minnesota. He sees his fellow American expatriates as "unlike any other ethnic community. People are depressed. They don't live in shacks or in tents or in shacks or in the same stony ways longer." They have become, an exile Roy Pearson



Person at the bottom of Ottawa's list

sets it. "a part of Canadian society. They are found working on the far lands and as far trappers on the Alaskan. Some are doctors and lawyers. They are entrepreneurs in Edmonton and anthropologists in Carleton Place."

For Strass, Pearson and the thousands of residents who reside in this country, Canada's involvement has already begun. "There is already an interest here that will eventually require a response," says Colburn. "Starvation is not going to become a political issue in Canada or again, will Canadians be able to bring their shoulders?"

Shana McKay

Dateline: Mraru

Kenya's stronger sex



By Paul Harrison

Bent double under 80 pounds or more of stout breasts for five whole, a woman staggers along a dirt road in Kenya, her face stretched taut as a drum by the yoke tied round her forehead. By her side her husband strolls erect, a faded umbrella under his arm. It is a common sight. Indeed, it is even a common occurrence here for women who seek a man carrying a heavy load to offer to carry it for him. At the halfway mark, 2000, of the United Nations' Decade for Women passes, women in Kenya, as in so many other parts of the Third World, are still the main beasts of burden. Nowhere is the need for improvement in their lot clearer than in Kenya. So it seems fitting that few activities have more potential under way to help women.

About half of the women in rural Kenya have to cope alone with farm and family. What little paid land exists is grossly overcrowded. The average farm consists of a couple of acres of land and a row—small enough for one person to work, but too small to feed a family. So many of the menfolk leave their wives at home and seek work in Nairobi or Mombasa, coming home three or four times a year with the modest family life, even after hours, periods of rest and extortionate landlady have taken their share of the few wages.

Kenya's women are a hardy breed. They are women like Rachel Mwangangi, a sturdy 38-year-old from Meru, a dry area in the Taita Hills southwest of



Many women preparing land to build a nursery (top), the new bus (bottom)

Mombasa. Her husband teaches at a distant primary school and only comes home for the holidays, leaving her to look after four children, three cows, seven goats, one sheep and a two-acre farm. The whole family lives in a circular mud hut 13 metres in diameter, capped with a polished granite's hat of thatch. A mere square house next door stands empty because Rachel has no time to patch the crumbled, leaky walls. Building and mending houses is also women's work in Kenya.

Rachel's day is long. She rises "before the sky is beginning to lighten," cooks

the children's breakfast, gets them off to school and cleans the house. Then she sets off for her land 3 km away, tethers the animals to graze and gets down to planting, digging and weeding her corn, cassava and cowpeas, ending a week in the field. On her way home, around 6 p.m., she gathers firewood. At home, there's still a half-hour's walk to fetch water. Then, as the sun begins to set, she cooks the evening meal of millet—its maize porridge which ends up as stiff as bread—is a pot balanced on three stones. "I'm as stirring it softly for an hour," she explains, "and at the end the stew is pouring off you."

It is Kenya's women who most embody the national motto of *harambee* (Swahili for "pull together"). To make up for lack of male support, they have banded together into nearly 5,000 self-help groups. Most of them began as savings clubs, pooling weekly contributions to buy each member in turn a tin roof or pay her children's secondary-school fees. Since the International Women's Year in 1975, Kenya has been the focus of one of the most intensive campaigns in the world to improve women's lot. Backed by the funding of UNICEF, which



now sees helping mothers as an essential part of its aid to children, Kenyan government and voluntary agencies are working to reduce women's burdens with projects providing more convenient water supplies and stores which are less firewood. The government's Women's Bureau helps groups set up enterprises to boost women's incomes, with USOCU providing animals, seeds, tools or training. Women are now running bakeries, hotels, handicraft workshops, commercial vegetable gardens and herds of pig, cattle and poultry.

Rachel Mwangangi is an active member of one of the most spirited of these ventures, the Meru Women's Thrift Company. In this poor, dry area women de-

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pend on the meagre profits of small trading to survive. For this they need access to markets, but the nearest small town, Voi, is 12 km away. Buses used to pass through Mruu full and women would often wait all day for a seat, sometimes with a sick child to take to the health centre. So in 1975, the women's group conceived the notion of buying its own bus and running it regularly between Mruu and Voi. Four hard years followed of raising, fund-raising, chasing loans and coping with bureaucracy, bus salesmen and bank managers.

It was on May 3, 1979, that the shiny white 20-seater arrived in Mruu from the factory in Nairobi. Loan repayments were steep, but the bus did a brisk trade, making three or four round trips a day. Within 16 months the women had paid off their loans and had a handsome surplus of \$2,000 in the bank. Half was distributed to members, half invested in a new sideline: Mruu's first village shop. Diversifying faster than any multinational, the women then pooled their village goats with high-quality steel milks provided with a tractor grant, and set up a goat farm.

But then things started to go wrong. By 1978 the pitso dirt roads to Mruu had taken their toll on the bus. Kenyan hills rained and earnings fell while



Women's playgrouping led: "We have built"

the vehicle was off the road. One major patch-up cost \$2,000, and a police safety check incurred a fine of \$250. Early in 1979 the old crate, no longer able to earn its keep, was finally cashed. While the women were determined to replace it, inflation had runed ahead of them, and their savings of \$5,300 were less than one-tenth of the sum needed to buy a new bus. But once again they pulled together and the deposit was raised. The new bus, an imposing 30-seater, made its maiden voyage in January this year. Yet prospects for the next year

look bleak. Competition started running bank-less services while the bus was out of action, so daily earnings are down. Average monthly profits will be about \$300 a month less than the loan repayments, and if the women default even once the bus will be repossessed. The shop, too, now has a rival, its shelves are nearly empty and its profits barely cover the wage of the manager. Half the goat herd died in a drought and more were sold to pay the goat-herder's wages.

The women of Mruu are fighting for survival. "We have made mistakes," Chairwoman Eva Mwakima admits. "When we started, we did things without knowing if they would make money. But we have overcome problems in the past and we have faith we shall overcome them in the future. We are unstoppable."

That sort of spirit will be badly needed in the years to come, for the problems that plague the Mruu project are not unusual among the women's enterprises in Kenya. Bureaucratic management and bank-banking are among the skills it desperately short supply, and until these are welded to their enthusiasm for business, the women will have to rue their concerns on the admirable, but fallible, supports of spirit and pluck alone. ◇



Yacht club golfs for lefty, endgame: Stansfield: isolation, anger and grief

This Canada

Island in a storm's eye

By Linda McQueg

A 15L Frank Stansfield cannot deny that night looks the way he wanted to. Drawn by the lavers, smokeless armchair he sits in, Stansfield's true life from hints of earlier days when he was something of a boxer and a sailor. But now, looking out at the trees around his tiny wooden cottage, he doubts he'll be able to offer much consolation on that long-dreaded day when the sheriff appears at his door.

For Stansfield, a retired plumbing sales manager, the sheriff's visit will mark the end of eight decades on Toronto Island. Since his first summer 81 years ago when he pushed a tent there with his older brother, he spent five months a year on the lush green island that stretches like an arc across Toronto harbor, just two kilometres from the crush of city traffic. But this summer he faces eviction—along with 700 other residents who live on the eastern tip of the island—as the Metropolitan Toronto Council (the umbrella council for Toronto and its boroughs) moves to clear more space for recreational facilities in the huge island park. The evictions have become a highly charged political issue in Toronto, with Metro

parking for them, Toronto city council pushing against them and the Ontario government caught between the two warring councils. But for Frank Stansfield, the prospect of leaving the cottage he built almost 50 years ago is a highly emotional one. Unlike most islanders who live there year-round, he owns a duplex in the city where he spends his winters. "But it gets awfully lonely there in the city," says Stansfield, who has lived alone since his wife died seven years ago.

Island life is different from city life for Stansfield. He is part of a lively and extraordinarily close community that has affectionately dubbed him "Daddy Frank." On his daily walks around the cottages and down to the beach, Stansfield can count on encountering a welcome of friendly faces. "I don't even know most of their names anymore," he says. "But they all know me. When I walk down the street everybody's saying 'Hi, Daddy Frank, how are you today?'" And Stansfield, who treats around the island in a pair of old racing shoes, still drops by to watch the community's lawn bowling teams face off on the green where he used to play more than 50 years ago. Back at his cottage there are frequent taps on the door

as neighborhood children, aware of Stansfield's reputation as a soft touch, come by for treats and a chance to play with his black poodle, Popper. "I've gone through nine pounds of candy since July 1," smiles Stansfield as yet another toddler appears at the screen door. But even Stansfield was surprised at everyone's concern earlier this month when he collapsed at the community centre and was rushed by boat to a mainland hospital. A crowd gathered in front of his house waiting to hear how he was. At 10 o'clock the good news was broadcast by car radio to all island homes: the community's longest surviving resident was still holding his own quite nicely.

Stansfield has no plans to oppose the sheriff. "At my age what can I do?" he asks. But the younger breed of islanders accept their fate less readily. They're been preparing for the sheriff's visit for months and are determined not to be caught off guard as the mainland where most of them work. They got a total run last month for the big showdown, when word seeped out that the eviction action would be delivered that day. The seven blared from the top of the community centre and dozens of islanders sped home through a pouring rainstorm in an emergency flotilla. Faced with a wall of bodies and television cameras, the authorities backed down. The islanders now have a brief reprieve while the courts consider one last

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apped in their long legal battle to win the right to stay in their homes. (It is anyone's guess whether the real showdown—if and when it comes—will result in violence, but some residents are talking openly of chaining themselves to their cottages to obstruct the evictions.)

With the sheriff gone, everything is back to normal—or at least as normal as things can ever be in a community that has lived under the threat of eviction for 26 years. Children run barefoot along the narrow walkways, adults jump and shout on the volleyball court, the harp and snail of barbecuing hamburgers wafts across the little neigh-

bourhood. "In that house there's a retired couple, in that one an editor, in that one a student, then a maintenance man, a music teacher..." The list goes on, drawing a picture of a community much more diverse than most in Toronto. Amer, who speaks earnestly about the place that's been her year-round home for 25 years, also thinks the island community is unique in that, since the homes are leased rather than owned, none of the residents regard them as an investment. "If we have something other people don't have, it's not because we bought," she says. Amer points out that, while summer living may seem ideal, the majority of the residents—

each of which fails to capture the spirit of bygone days as effectively as the old island homes do. On a hot summer weekend, the ferries are mobbed with islanders, most of whom plug their picnic baskets down close to the ferry docks, leaving huge expanses of tree-deserted parkland further away. In these vast spaces—which remain empty on even the busiest days of the year—that lesser most islanders confound and angry about Metro's determination to end them.

Even now, islanders bristle at the notion that the 18 acres they occupy are desperately needed while three yacht clubs are permitted to cordon off 32

acres have systematically evicted residents, reducing the once-vibrant community of 1,000—more than 2,000 year-round—to today's holdouts. "They've killed the spirit of the island," he says, pulling out an old photograph of the island lawn bowling league taken in 1936. Among the smiling faces, a handsome young Frank Stenebeck beams from the front row. Stenebeck fondly recalls the highlights of the past night dinners, talking with nostalgia about the great island practitioners of the past: Black Jack, Red Jack and Old Crab. He remembers his own futile attempt to keep up with celebrated captain Red Harkin in a rowing match some 30 years ago, the spectacular white horse that dived into the water with its diving in 1967, the endless hot summer nights when the island was full of people—visitors and residents—dining, dancing and strolling along the boardwalk. Those days, now that the bath and dining rooms have been erected, provide this island 7 in the evening. The holiday concessions close by 9. The island—except the east end where the cottages remain—is a virtually deserted. In the old days, says Stenebeck, the main drag, with its shops, restaurants and hotels, was so busy "you couldn't even ride a bicycle down it." Metro bulldozed the street and replaced it with a huge concrete patio with formal flower beds and a large fountain. "It's like a mausoleum now," says Stenebeck with disgust. "You could shoot a gun down there at 9 o'clock and you wouldn't hurt a soul."

He is particularly pained by the change that islanders are a privileged elite. He still thinks of the days when the Ward's Island section, where the remaining homes now stand, was the playground for the city's poor. Middle-class families moved cottages across the island on the west end and mid-1960s families—such as the Munro and the Segments—built elaborate Victorian summer properties on Centre Island. "They used to go over an Centre that if you wanted a clearing lady you could hire one on Ward's."

Around the corner from Stenebeck, 32-year-old printer Richard Simon sits on a deck chair in his front yard, musingly about the prospect of being a home to make way for amenities like Frisbee golf—one of the many recreational ideas Metro has considered for the site. So many plans have been tossed around by politicians over the years that Simon didn't want to take any of them seriously. Simon's house—which he has lived in full-time for 32 years—is airy and rustic, with the feel of an early pioneer cabin. He is convinced—and public opinion polls back him up—that most islanders prefer the simplicity with its unique old

homes and shady lanes to artificially installed amenities. The new plans make so little sense to Simon that he wonders if these aren't grander schemes than Frisbee golf is the works. "I can see them building some very expensive condominiums, ever have one they got to sit," he says. Metro Chairman Paul Godfrey, who is leading the push to evict the islanders, insists that the site will only be used for recreational purposes. Despite the general empty stretches, Godfrey argues more space is needed because "some people like to be in an area by themselves." A

supporter of his development on the mainland, Godfrey strongly denies there are any such plans for the island. But islanders remain sceptical.

No one is more sceptical than Frank Stenebeck, who feels he has watched the island homes lose and lose to people over the years. He whips his full head of white hair beneath his cap and leads a tour to his small front yard, only a stone's throw from the spot where he pitched his first tent. "I'm sure I won't live to see it," he says. "I bet they'll turn this place into a rich man's paradise someday." ☐



bourhood. It is a typical evening at the island. The homes form an almost fairy-tale village only 15 minutes by ferry from the skyscrapers of Toronto. There are an elm, no landscapers, no fast-food outlets—just 392 modest wooden houses clustered around sleepy tree-lined walkways. And the islanders who live there are a close-knit bunch. They publish their own newspaper, hold winter and summer carnivals, organize beach and volleyball leagues and maintain an archive full of island lore.

Sitting at a picnic table near the playing field, third-generation islander Elizabeth Amer points to a row of neatly kept homes along the edge of the

Toronto islanders protesting, living under threat of eviction for 26 years

about 600—stick it out through the cold, blustery winter months as well.

The little community is located on Ward's Island at the far eastern tip of the tree-less long archipelago that makes up Toronto Island. To the west of it stretches more than 300 acres of grass, trees and picnic tables, dotted by a chain of 15 small commercial fishing stands and a German-style beer patio. There is also an amusement centre where children can peddle a wooden swan on a lagoon, play down a water chute on an artificial log or buy candy floss at an old-fashioned storefront fa-

scade of the island for private use. "My house occupies less space than some of these yachts," says Amer. The lawn of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club alone spread across 28 acres behind a high wrought-iron gate that bars the public in no uncertain terms. From the wide verandas of its gracious clubhouse, members can sip drinks while they gaze out at the Toronto skyline rising across the water. But with an initiation fee of \$2,000 and strict control over membership, the club is considered elitist by most islanders. Soils Stenebeck. "It's just a wealthy man's club."

Stenebeck feels the island has deteriorated over the years as Metro politi-

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Mr. Michael Morrison photographed in Scotland.

Life in the fast lane

Having seen Mendham Joe in the flesh around the time he began his fast, I must say that his protest would have considerably more force if he had not been in need of shedding more than a few pounds—which a month or two of fasting should just about remedy. (If You Don't Agree, See S6, Feb./Jan. 7.) Next time I go on one of my occasional three-day fasts, I might as well kill two birds with one stone. If nuclear waste melts two months, three days should just about cover, say, the Toronto Island homes?

PAUL WILLSON, TORONTO

I would like to stand up and be counted, too. I share the author's concerns relating to nuclear energy and wonder why, with the vast potential of alternative energy sources, our government, and that of our neighbor the U.S. insist on continuing on a suicide course for our planet. Nuclear waste will be around for millions of years to come. How long does mankind have left?

DELFINE HEE D6603229 STRUTLER,
ALTA

One of the problems with the anti-nuclear movement is that it is so easy to identify it with a "60s sensibility. This is, after all, the 70s. Mendham Joe's more individual, self-reliant, peace-faith beliefs in the '60s. It is then that one realizes that there is a kind of mass insanity or conspiracy of apathy surrounding the control of the business of nuclear energy. As he so aptly pointed out, no one knows what we are going to do with this stuff once it has been used up. It is a problem that another generation will have to deal with. It is a problem that a future generation may very well condemn us for having left them. It all boils down to a question of risk. Is it ultimately worth it? Or, more importantly, should we look to the advocates of this business for the answers? It certainly appears as though this is what we have been doing.

MICHAEL MCCLELLAN, SA NEWPORT, ORE

But is the bard reading?

Robert Lewis did a very good job of making the story of the summit meeting interesting. I thought that the heading, *The Monks of Treason* (Cover, July 7), was terrific. Whoever thought up that title deserves a raise in pay from *Maclean's*. I'm sure Shakespeare would have approved. Let us all be happy that there was no *Sloppy* present to desecrate his portrait of death.

A. W. HARRIS
TORONTO

A modest proposal

I feel compelled to respond to the explanation in your article *A Legal Allow* to *Abortion* (U.S.A., July 14) that the U.S. Supreme Court's ruling against providing Medicaid funds for poor women's abortions is merely "discrimination against the poor. The problems of the poor are not solved by encouraging the poor to kill their unborn children and then freely providing the means to do so. The solution is to eliminate poverty, not the poor. We are ignoring the most vital and necessary element of civilization—believed in the sanctity of human life. By denouncing the value of human life, we are making it a qualitative value based on socioeconomic criteria, length of time of physical development and so on—pro-abortionists effectively undermine the most fundamental moral value that distinguishes the savage from the civilized within us.

KENY GILLIAN, TORONTO

An inch is as bad as a mile

Val Bane's article *Jack by Jack by Jack* (This Canada, July 25) would have been more accurately titled *Metre by Metre by Metre*, since our map-makers have never used the inch on the ground. Some of your readers, with reason, may have been puzzled by her statement that Canada was completely mapped, at a scale of four inches to the mile, by 1949.000, by 1965, and "90 per cent of the country has yet to be mapped at the scale of 1/16 inch to the mile."

What she was trying to say in the first case was "1/16 inch to the mile," and in the second case, "1/16 inch to the mile." The word "inch" in these two statements has been accurate and even amplified better if she had stuck with the cartographer's terminology and said "Canada was completely mapped, at a scale of 1/16,000, by 1965, and "90 per cent of the country has yet to be mapped at a scale of 1/16,000." This illustrates the perils that beset the journalist who tries to do calculations involving those obsolete units, the inch and the mile. *Maclean's* is HER PRESIDENT, CANADIAN METRIC ASSOCIATION, TORONTO

Another scent

I would like to disagree with Lawrence O'Toole's review of the movie *Howie* (see *Box* (This *Box* slot *Box* is *Box*), *Box*, July 28.) I found the film most entertaining. The music and sound production are excellent. Willie Nelson and company are enjoyable throughout. In my opinion, *Howie* is one of the few films worth the price of admission.

JORIL LAKER
TORONTO

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The angry French Connection

By Peter Carlyle-Gordge

Though the *francophone* signs were out in profusion at the Winnipeg Convention Centre last week to 800 francophones descended for the 33rd annual French Language Education conference, some found the reception less than warm. As delegates arrived from every province to discuss the role of communication media in preserving French language and culture, the French-speaking staff at Winnipeg International Airport was missing. A guest seeking information in French at the Holiday Inn, where most of the francophones stayed, was told the hotel's French-speaking desk clerk had gone home. When the guest then asked the same question in English, a clerk remarked, "Oh, you're part of the French Connection."

The conversations were so loose, in fact, that when delegates adjourned to their hotel rooms to hear and participate in a coast-to-coast phone-in show on the CFT French radio network, a program that had taken a year to arrange, it was discovered the net's selection of radio channels did not include the local French station, CKMB. Mr. Joseph Alfred M. Monette, association president, was finally driven to denouncing the faulty arrangements at a press conference: "I say it's a God damned shame. We were plagued out. I don't like to bitch, but these are things we have to live with constantly, asking for services in French." (In defense, Holiday Inn officials pointed out it has 20 French-speaking staff and also provides services in nine other languages.) Perhaps evening the scores somewhat, the entire five-day conference was conducted exclusively in French without simultaneous translation of talk or texts for non-bilingual visitors or media.

With propitious timing, Manitoba's Education Minister Keith Osborn let it be known that—after hesitating for two years with a French school board—he would permit a French-language composite school to be built in Le Pas, Manitoba. Originally the school board had asked for two separate French schools, a high school and an elementary one. Just such educational concerns dominated the meeting, with delegates seeing French-controlled schools and school boards as the last line of defense for French-speaking minorities outside Quebec. Roger Mouton of Edmonton said French Albertans haven't been entirely

accustomed to the language and culture are stagnating. "The family and church can no longer be as French as they were... we must count on the school to teach the child French," he said, urging creation of large centralized schools is appropriate response to serve franco-Albertans. Hervé Cyr of Ottawa said some adolescents of French background deliberately speak English

in their homes as a form of rebellion. One solution to assimilation, he said, might be all-French school boards and a parallel structure for French education services within the existing Ontario education department. Dr. André de Leygnac, a Winnipeg educator, said that since 1964 many English-language universities have removed French as an entrance requirement, with devastating



President Monette at colloquial radio and (above) with fellow francophones Raymond Kauchowski, Jean-Claude Gosselin and Neil Macdonald. Back sitting, friends on phone



results for the language. In Manitoba secondary schools, French-language students dropped this year to 208 from 1,112 in 1986. Leygnac angrily denounced that French be made compulsory in public schools and English universities, and urged that, if provinces refuse to act, Ottawa should assume control of a national education system.

Despite the generally gloomy assimilation picture, Louis-Marie Melançon, a cultural co-ordinator from Saint-Jean-sur-Richelieu, N.B., told Macdonald's the conference had left him optimistic. "Really it's only a few people from Quebec who say there's no future for the French outside Quebec. At this conference I got a different feeling. I think we are making progress. The problems faced by francophones beyond Quebec are a little different. They must co-exist with the English while preserving their own culture." That sentiment was echoed by Fernand Robitaille, a French communications adviser to the Ontario government. "Today we visited Le Pas, a small franco-Manitoban village and it was a joy to see how such a place can

live in isolation and survive completely in French. For me it was very thrilling. Assimilation is a great, great disease for us in the prison, but there everyone speaks French—even the children on the farm." One farmer, an uneducated man whose son now attends Laval University in Quebec, raised his spirits even higher: "He told me of a lady from B.C. who had never spoken French in her life, but she met and married a La Broquerie man—and now she never speaks English." ♦

Ottawa

Digging for dollars —but oh, so few

It seemed an ideal summer job—a Parks Canada archaeological dig for the Victorian remains of one of Ottawa's oldest buildings. But the 26 independent-minded students on the site at the Rideau Canal below Parliament Hill

going rate instead of \$12.

James Chrusciel, Parks Canada's Ontario director, concedes it is "a bit of a mess" but that the province has the right to set its own rates.

The problem, however, is that the job was contracted out to a private firm that submitted the lowest bid. Under those circumstances, employers are required only to match the higher of the federal or Ontario minimum wage—respectively, \$2.80 and \$3. The students garnered a 10 per cent discount from Environment Minister John Roberts and demanded an immediate raise to \$6.36 per hour. But, says graduate student Musgrange, 90, the only response was a call from a Baber's aide who urged the demonstrators not to go public with their complaints.

The pros in the business, meanwhile, are cheering the finds from the dip. The centrepiece of their satisfaction is the remnant of the stone storage house and workshop constructed in 1838 by the British Army Royal Engineers. Under the command of Colonel John By, the engineers built the Rideau Canal from Ottawa to Kingston. The building also housed the family of Colonel William By.

opentops, bowls, buttons and bones, there are wine bottles—and decidedly anti-Victorian leanings such as vanilla extract containers and Stearns canisters. “You don’t often get that volume of artifacts,” says Elizabeth Hesse, senior archaeologist for Parks Canada’s Ontario region. While the significance of the items is not clear for years, all items are being catalogued. “One sample” will be kept for glimpses of lifestyles not preserved in formal records. At one recent south Saskatchewan dig in Fort Walsh, for example, Parks Canada found broken liquor bottles around the remains of the officers’ privy. The ground around the embankment was covered in discarded, empty rumdine bottles that contained mainly of alcohol by any other name.

The reason for the dig along the Rideau is that major surgery is required on canal locks, and the government wants to know what kit they need for protection. Coincidentally, Ottawa also is upholding, for now, a more recent tradition of "contracting out" work to the private sector. This course is roundly denounced by the Public Service Alliance of Canada, the 180,000-member union of federal employees. President Andy Stewart admits that the government is fulfiling the official hand counts by laying off full-time employees, then reassigning temporary workers on private contracts.

Last year, the supply and services ministry, through its special-services centre which boros the diggers, let 3,000 contracts, valued at \$180 million. Sixty per cent of the workers were temporary; they did not show up on government payrolls. The ministry says that the work force inflated—reaching the total this year to eleven a cubit of the total "perman-year" to \$125.50 from \$185.40 in 1979. Student Managers is not named. "Parks Canada," he says, "prints a lot of nonsense publicly out of these things. That they lose sight of the fact that people here have to make a living." As for Manalunga, he's going back to school this fall, neither and since.

John Davidson

British Columbia

A tip of the hat to death

When Trought Carmo saw the blipping red light of the police cruiser behind him on East Vancouver's Grandview Highway, he knew what was coming. The 34-year-old musician pulled his rambling Harley-Davidson 1200 over to the curb and clambered off to accept his fourth \$35 ticket for wearing a juvenile leather replica of a

Coffin, the no-nonsense organizer of the first police force in Lower Canada in 1828, a year after British troops put down the rebellion of Papineau's patriots. Moving on to the Ottawa area, Coffin applied law and order in a society, as one journal notes, "seriously threatened by refractory characters, to the great disquietude of the lumbering interests of the region."

Signs of off-hours shenanigans, if not proof about perpetrators, have turned up among the 68,800 artifacts from the dig. In addition to rounds of ammo, tools



likert, with and without: rather more than a 'wind-in-the-hair' party thing.

First World War flying helmet costume of a hollow plastic regulation version. Angry, he fought the ticket in court and last week he won, unleashing for the second time in 14 months a flood of bare-headed motorists on B.C. streets. By coincidence, a similar ruling by an Edmonton provincial court judge last week freed Alberta's motorists from



mandatory helmet use as well. The three hair-touled Canadian provinces (Manitoba never had a helmet law) now join 31 U.S. states that have either repealed or watered down compulsory helmet laws in the past few years in an

grounding closed in on one whale, the Broadbeams' toiling and sinking her. Sensing no conditions for hauling aboard Madrine's two previous searches for the wreck (Madrine's last was April 30, 1973) by then steering to cut off and crash the team's rubber boats as they tried to conduct underwater sonar sweeps. Nevertheless, some local spot-haulings were picked up in 1970 and 79, making Madrine 90 per cent sure of the site. This year's passes by the fish-shaped Hydroscan 300-cc sonar were made easier by faster towing and by the presence in the Canadian Coast Guard schooner, the John A. Crozier, of a new satellite. Madrine was taken aboard in the fall of 1980, a sunbather in an Arctic summer heat. The final line, the sophisticated scanner's detailed portrait of his observation

Machine Markedly fewer researchers (left, not view of the work, individual's find

unexpected outpouring of civil libertarianism, freedom

Spreading the anti-bike drive generally has been the bike gangs, the Bandidos and Hell's Angels and the like, whose growing low-slung Harley-Davidson-like chrome-frodo from San Francisco became their trademark. The outlawed are the "anti-outlaws," the one that restricts their "free-wheelin'" style by forcing them into polycarbonate-padded helmets costing from \$50 up to \$800. Ever since the first compulsory helmet law was introduced in California in 1967, many of the best-spurred riders have fought the rules, although many more conservative clubs support them. In 1968 the U.S. Congress introduced legislation that effectively forced helmet laws on every state, but it took another decade, with the exception of Massachusetts, followed suit. By 1978 the ride had turned in America and a growing interest-free lobby, and most states' rights activists, picked off the helmet issue as a symbol of the federal government's overreach into individual liberties.

The diving doctor strikes it rich

"In search for shipwrecks, you have to be an optimist," Canada's Arctic diver Joe MacInnes once shrugged. Last week, five years of optimism paid off. MacInnes' search for the world's most northerly shipwreck ended as he studied the first positive sonar readings of a ship a third 91 metres below the surface. Losing sight to the port side, with the hint of what was probably canvas rigging preserved intact by the frigid Arctic water, it could only be the British barque *Nordkaper*.

Back in 1855, two ships seeking for Sir John Franklin's ill-fated northwest passage expedition sailed close to Beechey Island, 650 km beyond the Arctic Circle. Suddenly,

Machine was used by fellow members of the British state of the world's oceans. The

What more is there to speed summers and savings in the harsh High Arctic? Because it's there—but more importantly, because it's for Meckins who began deep work while a medical officer in New Orleans, reinforced combat duty in the Pacific, and then a year in the Arctic. He's a tough and congenial nomad—

We give a salute to the Broadbent's page in Canadian history—who has inspired the donation of volunteer labor, expensive equipment, and backing from the National Geographic Society and United States Navy. Meckins is a member of the Peabody and Nordenskiöld and his missionary quest for brontos continues as Meckins plans to return when next spring's freeze is well past a pattern from which even can wait the ship. *Revere the Broadbent?*

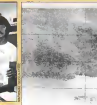
The would be next to think about," de-

Val Evans



Duggan, Ellen Lee, Rosemary Connel and
Dea Donnellan: *Middle Aged women*

are growing that their wages are from the Middle Ages. After roofing methodically among bottoms and bottles of hygiene bins for the past 13 weeks, they have unearthed some timely facts of bureaucratic life as well—tight pay scales in an era of government cutbacks. "We got screwed," roared student Gary Maxipine last week, asserting that most of the diggers were told last winter they would get \$5 to \$8 an hour, but



ional. Ministers decided the government had no right to tell riders they could not touch their bodies. Canadian bikers, with no entrenched political rights, have fought the laws in the courts. But in June, 1979, when B.C. bikers went heliporting for a week, and again last week, provincial judges ruled B.C.'s helmet law ultra vires—beyond the powers of the province's superintendent of motor vehicles. In Alberta provincial court Judge Kay Thomas termed the law "big brother legislation." Alberta intends to appeal and B.C. says it will reverse the act to satisfy the courts.

Chief anti-helmet lobby in IIC is the 2000-member Motorcyclist Protective Association, which grew out of the Golden Road for US Biker's Angels. The group is led by 67-year-old John "Sonny" Williams, who was indicted after he testified before Congress that he had been a financial counsellor of a club member. The MPA claims helmets are not just a nuisance but dangerous; it claims biker that show street views and believing are important to their sense of self. Williams says helmet laws cause more injuries. Says partly Vancouver MPA lawyer and Elsie-Ann driver Jim McNeely, "I used to think this was all a 'wind-in-the-hair' personal liberty thing. The more you know about the society, the more you're allowed to see what they're really doing." Peter Fournier, a Canadian Safety Council supervisor, dismissed the MPA tactics as unrealistic but supports the organization's call for more driver licensing, publicity and tougher sentencing.

Symptoms for the thousands of barreled riders on western highways last week is not high. "We're still fighting the 'rape, rob and pillage' injury," complains Nevada Personal Auto General. Claims argue the "social cost" of broken motorcycles is too high. The Insurance Corporation of BC, for example, calculates motorcycle accident claims are as much as two-thirds higher than comparable automobile claims. Starkier estimates perhaps was provided the day after the lifting of the EC ban on motorbikes, when the group's president, Gladstone, took control of his Harley 1000 on a curve outside Vancouver. The bike lurched careened if it was Gladstone, newly helmetless, died of massive head injuries.

Thomas Rocklin

Thomas Hopkins

The curse of the 'Playboy' bunny

She made the perfect Playboy confidante. Blonde, wholesome and yet extravagantly sensual, she promoted that special kind of down-home Playboy lust in decent men and boys. Before she made perfect body of Vancouver's Dorothy Stratten, 38, was dis-



Stricken: cancelled by a 12-gauge shotgun.

overed in a two-story West Los Angeles house last week, she had been well-louche on the ramp-track mud of the Playboy celebrity. Nannet Hagan, 36, a blonde with a dark, curly mane, was the Year in April, also having fact done better than most Playmates. After the walk-in is a couple of pictures and she took in an accept-unrehearsed R-Rickie shot in Winnipeg, she had a couple of a speaking role in Peter Bogdanovich's *At Long Last Love*, a comedy about an exiled-turned-hussein in a Bushy and Rickie shot in Winnipeg. Last Friday, Stratten had an appointment with another Hollywood producer, but it was cancelled by the bust of a 10-page article in the *Los Angeles Times* about her husband. Police believe Saper, 28, allegedly angry over the collapse of the couple's two-year marriage, shot Stratten in the head, then turned the scene around on his own face. His body, also

It was, aside from the brutal conclusion, a fairly typical story. It has been chronicled, for one example, in *A Star Is Born*, Dorothy Stratten's favorite movie. He was from Winnipeg via the Vancouver suburb of Surrey, a small-time promoter bringing custom car shows into local arenas. She was a nice girl whose real name was Fliegerstraten, had graduated from high school, worked at the local Dairy Queen and

and a brass hot tub. Along the way, Stratton's career was taken over by people other than her husband, even though he hopefully sported the license plate 574K 66. She grew, he did not, and two months ago she moved out of their fashionable West Los Angeles home.

There is an easy "story of my" parallel in Dorothy Stratten's tales, and these Vancouverites who take note of such things recall Willy Ray, ex-Whitehaven Stridwell, a redhead who was Playmate for February, 1971. Following the appearance, her career skyrocketed into high priced international modeling, even as it was developing into hard drugs and Salomon. In August, 1980, at 31, she collapsed and died on the bathroom floor of her father's home in the Kuperus area of Vancouver, a victim of a heart attack, doctors said. She was covered by her father, Johannes, who mourned: "I wish there had never been a Playmate."

For many *Playboy* models, the contraband in a benign interlude, a flash of bare skin notwithstanding, a little money, the anonymity of hawking cigarettes at touring motorcycle shows or strutting their vocal chords on the Grade C nightclub circuit. Ironically, an inordinate number of Heffer's embroiled playmates have come from Vancouver—at least six since the first, naïf 18-year-old Pamela Anderson in March, 1982. Fully 32 of the 38 clothed and unclothed women in next month's *Playboy* of Canada feature in *Playboy* will be from Vancouver.

For friends, Stratton's death is a waste. Presumably they now talk of Paul Snider's "jealousy" and "self-importance." Publicly, they say they want to forget a mistaken relationship that once appeared to hold as much promise for a pretty young girl. "Many men in the world will have my pictures to look at," she said in a *May* magazine's interview, adding of her husband, "He's got my heart."

Thomas Hoopes

Thomas Hopkins

Regina

The creature from the green lagoon

Reginans pride themselves on living in a city relatively free of the pollution problems associated with many larger urban centres in congested Central Canada. But in recent years the city has developed the unfortunate reputation of having the foulest-smelling, worst-tasting drinking water in the country. In contrast, the residents of Rhinowaton, in the southwest corner of

...in the south-east corner of Saskatchewan, every water so pure that members of the Royal Family had it carried to their railway carriages when

they toured the province in 1938. But in Regina, sales of water purifiers and bottled mineral water have gushed.

The problem is the city's main water source—an 11-km-long lake called Buffalo Pound, 80 km northeast of the city, which provides water for both Regina and Moose Jaw. The reason for the smell and taste is the algae bloom on the lake that occurs each year during

[illegible]

Youngsters wading in grain silos at Buffalo Pound, tasks like those from which PCBs leached: a standard summer warning.

Provincial government officials, however, maintain that the water that comes out of the tap at home is completely safe to drink and they point to tests that show potential levels of halomethanes in a byproduct of the reaction of chlorine on algae which has been linked to cancer) are considerably below provincial and national limits. Say Don Part of the department's water pollution control branch. "As far as my data I've seen, it's perfectly safe to drink. I drink it, you kids drink it." Despite the assurances, the plant superintendent of the latter water treatment facility, the late Dr. Marie, still recommends boiling and refrigerating drinking water to make it less flavorful and fragrant.

If all that weren't enough, Higgins also has to worry about the possibility of a severe rainstorm right now, of toxic polychlorinated biphenyls (PCBs) still treating the drinking water supplies through the city's surrounding well system. Four years ago this month, between 6,800 and 21,000 litres of PCBs cancer-causing agents used in transformers, accidentally spilled at the Federal Pioneer plant in Regina. City coun-

ci marked the occasion by calling on the provincial government to stop "passing-around" its dealings with Federal Processer over cleanup of the spill, which was not made public until two years ago. Deputy Environment Minister Nick Carter rejects that claim, insisting that the province wants to move "deliberately and as thoroughly as possible" to ensure that the chemical



Youngsters wading in grain silos at Buffalo Pound, tasks like those from which PCBs leached: a standard summer warning.

Carter says his department is working for an alternate disposal method put forward by Federal Planner as a way of storing the contaminated soil until a suitable permanent location can be found elsewhere, a process that, because of the public controversy over the chemical, could take many months.

James Walker

Cape Breton

**Happy birthday
for the cause**

Compared to more recent engineering feats such as the St. Lawrence Seaway or the James Bay hydroelectric project, Nova Scotia's Canso Causeway might seem to be one of the more man-made wonders. But last Wednesday, as a thick highland mist veiled the scarred summit of Cape Foregarie and the skirl of 100 Scottish pipers shivered the waters of the checked-off Strait of Canso, the 21-

year-old *canaway* proved it is more than just a blow-away mountain dropped into the sea. The *Cape Canaway* changed Canadian geography: *canaway* Canada was joined to Cape Breton Island—a giant lobster claw snapping at the Atlantic and the rocky haven for a rich Gaelic culture whose vitality still inspires visitors and those excluded Upper Canadians, the *clansmen* of summer's tourists who flow across the street *80%*, an estimated 15 percent of Cape Breton Island's 130,000 people speak the language of their forebears, immigrants from Scotland.

Some 400-year-old Cape Bretoners

the kilted *macnans* were yet born when the *canaway* first trembled under the feet of 180 guests playing *The Road to the Isles* on Aug. 13, 1955—living out the fantasy expressed by Nova Scotia's late premier Angus L. MacDonnell, who had pushed for the *canaway*'s construction but died a year before its completion.

Today, certainly the *Cape Canaway* would have been *unfettered* differently. Environmentalists surely would have *boxed* until a quarry site was chosen behind Cape Paspé where *canaway* trees are now *blasted* to its pink base and looks across the street

Point Tupper oil refinery, itself built next to the *canaway*. The *canaway* and its harbor also brought Point Tupper a paper mill and Port Hawkesbury an Atomic Energy of Canada heavy-water plant—a *round blessing* of jobs and a constant threat of a *calamitous* escape of *toxic gas*.

The Catholic preacher at the re-enactment ceremony was more *capitulatory* than Father MacDonnell had been 25 years earlier but, as men are wont with their physical creations, attributed spiritual strength to *Cape's canaway*. *Minister* John Campbell of Trent, N.B., likened it to Paul's epistle



about Gaelic as their mother tongue, such as Inverness County's 45-year-old son John Angus MacKenzie. (The second name distinction is necessary since John Angus has four brothers—all named John.) MacKenzie learned to speak English only at school where today Gaelic is taught in primary grades, *where teachers* being *imported* from Scotland. Perfectly fluent, MacKenzie was the official Gaelic speaker at last week's re-enactment ceremony, though he refrained from insulting the dignitaries from Ottawa who say *British Columbia* Rev. Shirley MacDonnell did in 1965 when, under the cover of Gaelic, he called Canada's capital "a camp in the depths of the Canadian forest." But the new politeness may owe something to the fact that the celebration's chief federal dignitary is a Cape Bretoner himself, Deputy Prime Minister Allan Rock, who still speaks the Gaelic he learned from his parents who are *anti-immigrant* Canadians.

Some proud Cape Bretoners feared a pretension so that the *canaway* would *draw* those of their Gaelic blood but, while the number of adults using the language daily has inevitably declined, the parade of papers marching the 1,300 metres from the mainland showed that the torch has been safely passed from

Anniversary ceremonies with Premier Stephen McAllister Angus L. MacDonnell Jr., Mary Campbell, Minister and Deputy Prime Minister MacKenzie, and parade at 1955 *canaway* opening. (Inset) out a factory.

with a tragic mass of a *burn victim*. Now would *holders* escape a study of the local marine ecology before trucking 10 million tons of Cape Paspé to be dumped as deep as 10 metres to the floor of the street. Set back then the *canaway* was welcomed as a *deliberation* from the *vulnerable* ferry service which could be stopped for days by winter ice *flashing* back and forth on the street's *reversing* tide. The *canaway* has *helped* that tide, *canaway* water levels so very by as much as a metre at either side and completely *cutting* off the northward flow of ice. Now the south side bay forms a *placid*, ice-free port which can accept the largest super-tankers delivering *crude* to Gulf Canada's

to the *Calcutta*. "It was hoped when the *canaway* was built that there would no longer be distinctions between Cape Bretoners and mainlanders, between a person from Antigonish and a person from Truro, between Greek and Jew, between the committed and the uncommitted, between barbarian and Sardinian, slave and free man—*that* we would all be Nova Scotians with different roots and traditions, but working for the unity and good of the province." Later, Father Campbell explained, more *prophetic*, that the *canaway* has *helped* Cape Breton psychologically as well as physically in the *mainland*. "Cape Bretoners *kind of* had a ship on their shoulders, an *infernal* complex that led to a *halfhearted* toward mainlanders, and mainlanders had a corresponding superiority complex. Much of that has been overcome and we have a greater sense of being Nova Scotians." David Thomas

Troika. A Caviar of Vodkas.



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A victory without grace

By Michael Posner

James Earl Carter Jr. began the evening of his coronation on the run, a six-km jaunt through Central Park in the company of Secret Service agents and the over-attendant press. He is an ungainly runner, his elbows and knees oddly out of sync as though running were a sport he also learned from a manual. But he is also tenacious and gets the job done. That is precisely what the president did last week in New York, during the nomination of the Democratic party's 36th national convention and the right to challenge Republican Ronald Reagan in the fall. Carter's victory was not, revealing and neither was it stylish—but he won.

The president came to New York battered by the polls, by the fallout from brother Billy's Libyan fiasco and by the dogged campaign of Senator Edward Kennedy. Yet he managed to escape, in Dylan Thomas' phrase, "the ambush of his wounds," and whether his arrival was due to luck or to some Kennedy supporters might suspect) or political savvy is no longer relevant. The 2,330 sweating delegates on the floor of Madison Square Garden may have harbored fears about his electability, but despite internal divisions they were clearly not prepared to consign their hopes to anyone else.

In one sense, the convention was over almost before it had begun when the delegates voted on Monday night to adopt rule 121(c). This controversial loyalty clause—opposed both by Kennedy and by those who wanted neither Carter nor Kennedy at the top of the ticket—forced delegates to cast their first ballots for the candidates they had pledged to represent during the Democratic primaries and caucuses. Accepting the rule thus ensured the Carter victory, since he had looked up a healthy majority of Democrats in winning 33 of 36 primaries.

Kennedy had spent the better part of Sunday in New York, making one last effort to sway Carter delegates. In a whirlwind blitz through midtown Manhattan he met with six separate caucuses and, helped by presence Carter, shed his own delegates in vote for the candidate of their choice. The vote failed. Carter delegates, buoyed by the president's handling of the Billy Carter issue at his Aug. 4 press conference, told him that the White House had misplayed campaign chief Robert



Stearns, Vice-President Walter Mondale, First Lady Rosalynn Carter and staff strategists Hamish Jordan to talk personally with every Carter delegate thought to be soft on the open convention entirely did not help. Carter won the national vote by a decisive majority, and Teddy Kennedy emerged from his 18th-floor suite at the Waldorf-Astoria

Kennedy and Carter: winners out of spite

to congratulate the president and to withdraw his own name from the semi-legendary seven million exercise. Yet even before the Monday vote there were clear signs that Kennedy's gaze was fixed at a point nowhere beyond 11333C. His tone was more con-

tinuous, tv celebrity or an unusual setting.

Breakfast of Carter's brought out senators, governors, and their wives for champagne and cigarettes. While Richard played Toccata and the ladies adored the breakfast, the rest of the suite at the 11333C. The first was made from chicken up for by the winner for victory a glimpse of Justice Douglas as she whisked in and out on the arm of her brother-in-law. Ted Kennedy—without dipping to leave a protest! The Kennedy breakfast was just one of dozens at Democratic parties across New York. From a branch in Chinatown to the final night at Xenon (Sleaze 54 a success in this off club), which gave delegates a chance to rub shoulders with the real spend money on cash and generally escape the boredom at Madison Square Garden. Some were better than others. What was important, however, was to have the "good draw"—a Kennedy a



Carter delegates left, and Kennedy defying tradition, a rare moment of magic



A big round of applause for Teddy—who has graciously stepped aside

gratifying, but even less intense. "I would work hard for the Democratic nomination," he told reporters on *Four the Nation*. "If his commitment to traditional Democratic principles is not cosmetic,

but sincere" that was exactly the signal the president's men had been waiting for. Shortly thereafter they capitulated to Kennedy demands on four contentious economic platform issues and spoke confidently of the senator's support for Carter in the presidential campaign. Said Strauss: "The senator has always been constructive. There's no reason to think he won't be now."

Yet doubt remained. Kennedy himself was noncommittal and refused to pledge support—or the muscle of the party's liberal wing—to the campaign. If the Carter people seemed successively sedulous of Kennedy, it was out of need, not friendship. Recent polls show Carter's strength ebbing in key industrial states—New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Kennedy organizations are strong there and his personal magnetism is immense. For Carter to beat Ronald Reagan he must win the northeast, and only Kennedy can

help him do it. Hence, speculation on platform debates, hence the invitation to Kennedy to address the delegates Tuesday night.

That speech electrified the convention. Reviving the memory of his late brother John, he said: "I am convinced that we as a people are ready to give something back to our country in return for all it has given us." For the first time, Democrats ceased their private quarrels and listened. Fifty-one times they interrupted—but only to applaud and cheer and wave the Kennedy placards. Kennedy mentioned the president's name just once, near the end of his speech—a stark sentence of congratulation. He affirmed what he termed the end of the Democratic party: its commitment to the cause of the common man. It was an eloquent victory, not only to Kennedy's own campaign but to those liberal principles American voters have desired countless times. And when it was over, Ken-

Stargazing in Gotham

The upper money club can line out the candidates they had pledged to represent during the Democratic primaries and caucuses. Accepting the rule thus ensured the Carter victory, since he had looked up a healthy majority of Democrats in winning 33 of 36 primaries.

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Breakfast of Carter's (above), Stearns and Foster demands the size of water

principle and the morning was a great success.

On Sunday night, nearly 1,000 people poured into the Copacabana, paying \$25 or \$50 each to the National Women's Political Caucus. It took ages to get anyone on the dance floor and as even as a low-spirited salsa began their sessions of



slow dancing, the music would stop and some candidate would step in to kneel. Even the "good draws"—Ted Kennedy, Mike DeLoach—could not save their

Rome at the most pleasant evening was afternoon affair, before the delegates left the convention floor in the morning. One such was a big Kennedy ad at Grace Heman. Mayor Edward Koch's horse, which compromised and delegates mingled in the elegant polo blue ballroom or snored on

the lawn. One Wisconsin delegate heading for a second trip to the buffet table said he had been on the St. Lawrence for two weeks before going to New York. "I just drove the back would be great, and I'd be shipped while looking her plans with self-chance and that."

The Tuesday night festivities were the best, however. The Institute exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art was the focus of one, 800-strong party, but the partying played second fiddle to the likes of Mayor John Lindsay and various cabinet members and congressmen. And 150 floors up the Empire State Building late that night, nearly 700 people gathered and showed to see Saturday Night Live's Gilda Hatcher and singer/composer Paul Simon. Twelve celebrities Art Garfunkel, Carol Krieger and Henry Chay also worked the crowd while Ralph Nader sold a few too many words. The free beer ran out, the air cleaned got soft, but nobody minded—none of New York's best shows.

Catherine Fox

er's clenched fist, his raised in that vulgar salute evoked a 39-second demonstration—a lunge, snarl and snarl—made joyful celebration than that which greeted Jimmy Carter to the White House. The crowd, which welcomed observers, the spectators belonged to Ted Kennedy. He provided its mystery and its rare moments of magic.

The Carter effort to unite Democrats and turn the rhetorical artillery on Kennedy was a failure. It was the result of Carter's 36-hour wings and the high political operation run by Strauss and Jordan. It was Kennedy's closing the president's need, and both men were determined to be the first to deliver it, leaving a cart-veiled statement statement endorsing the president and pleading his support, die-hard Kennedy impulses refused to go along. During Wednesday night's nomination speech, Kennedy's speech was a series of delegates voted for him—even though the cause was plainly hopeless. More than devotion to the Kennedy myth, their belief seemed to represent a distinct lack of faith in Jimmy Carter.

Various union members and black delegates were dissatisfied with Carter's prenomination statement on the platform, in which the president agreed to the "spirit and principle" of job-creation programs but declined to accept the proposed \$12-billion price tag. Some Democrats even went so far as to stage a quiet walkout before Carter began his own acceptance speech Thursday night.

It was a memorable night in American politics, but not a good night for the president. His address was flat, his voice strained and almost pleading, as if he were trying to make the delegates forget Ted Kennedy's performance. He blew some lines, referring at one point to the late Hubert Hiram Hanes (now read of Humphrey). And when he proudly referred to his administration's commitment to draft registration, a sustained chorus of boos went up. Even when he scatted points against Reagan, the delegates cheered perfunctorily—although Carter operators had packed the hall with 8,000 extra enthusiasts.

What gave the evening its drama was once again Teddy Kennedy. A regent presence, but of two dozen prominent Democrats summoned to the podium, he strode up the stairs, raised the checked flag and roared several times, his face frozen in an expression of calm resignation that seemed to say to his disciples: It's all right... my time will come.

High above the Garden's floor the balloon mechanism malfunctioned. Scheduled to descend in a rush, they tumbled down indifferently. Carter had won, but the gods seemed content to reserve judgment. ☺

Washington

Playing politics with nuclear war

Secretary of State Edmund Muskie is furious. A big rainstorm hit him with a bad temper at the best of times, he felt humiliated and downright stupid last week when he learned that the United States' strategic nuclear posture had been radically altered without his knowing. As the Muskie side put it: "The secretary is now still in his adolescence with the bomb."



bluiskie); and Trident missile with all the
reese: deconstruction of a trapped robot

termination of a trapped lobster—one of the snapping claw variety that you find in his native state of Maine." The targets of Maslow's ire were National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski and Defense Secretary Harold Brown, who, in a Machiavellian move that undercut Maslow's power, persuaded President Jimmy Carter to sign a major nuclear war document—Directive Number 20—without even consulting the secretary of state.

The incident served to underscore the growing power of the hawks within the Carter administration. Muskie was intentionally excluded from the nuclear decision-making process so that he could not bring his well-known liberal views into the Oval Office discussions. And as more details of the affair leaked out, the depth of Muskie's anger became understandable. It was revealed that Muskie actually met with Brezhnev and Shvchenko the day before the president signed the new policy and on the very day of the signing had breakfast with

all three. Not once did they mention the new directive to him.

For his part, Brzezinski, whose corner office is a 20-second stroll down the blue-carpeted corridor from the president, not only emerged as the architect of the new nuclear plan but also reinforced his reputation as a pathologist capable of playing high-stakes power politics to reach through his policies. It was at least partly as a result of Brzezinski's background maneuvering that former secretary of state Cyrus Vance quit the job. But Moddle will not go easily, or so diplomatically. He trumpeted his presence in private meetings with Carter, Brzezinski and Brown and by week's end was able to assure that "anytime you



Derivinski reputation for ruthlessness

over wherever is left of the United States. As a result, Directive 89 retreats U.S. missiles away from Soviet cities and at Soviet military installations and the bunkers where military and civilian leaders would hide in case of nuclear conflict. Brezhnev claims that strategy makes war less likely since it will convince Moscow a nuclear conflict can't be won. As well, the president signed a directive ordering more effective procedures for protecting civilian and military leaders at home in the event of a nuclear war.

Tass, the Soviet news agency, labeled Carter's move an act of "insanity" and charged that the essence of the strategy is "the threat of striking a first blow at military installations in the Soviet Union." Similar sentiments were expressed within the U.S. As *The New York Times* pointed out, the Soviet Union may be under greater pressure than ever before in a crisis situation to use its missiles for a first strike on the theory that "if they don't use them, they'll lose them." **William Lowther**

gon on a strategy for actually fighting a nuclear war rather than simply deterring one. Under the former nuclear scenario, the U.S. had the mass of its missiles pointed at Soviet cities. The idea was that the Soviets would never dare fire nuclear weapons at the U.S. because it would result in a retaliatory strike that would wipe out half their population. Appropriately, this policy was termed Mutual Assured Destruction (MAD).

Bresinski and Brown persuaded Carter that MAD is no longer valid, arguing that the Soviets believe they can "win" a nuclear war because, even after an all-out attack on their cities, they will still have enough military power to take

World

'L'affaire' in the corridors of power

By Marta McDonald

in France, where the efficiency is still
they remains muffled over the flow
of Watergate, political scandals tend
to wilt in the springtime of their lives.
At worst, they linger on till August,
comparing with the annual vacation
frenzy that this manner, are portend-
ing a new era of government. The
new's closet has refused to air even
the SCANDAL OF THE SUMMER, re-
examined one anonymous newsmagazine
headline, "Lafarre," as another simply
dubbed it, "can't taking any holidays."
Indeed, the affair in question—the murder
of overtime deputy foreign minister
Pierre Jean de Lagarde—has dragged on
since June 2 and will, so many natives
in high places believe, continue to
predicting it will survive to haunt next
year's presidential elections.

In the process, it threatens to shake up the police and judiciary and topple another prime minister, Michel Poncetton. French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's closest friend and adviser, who lately has served as both private ambassador and personal lightning rod—taking the heat off the French president himself. It was "Pomus," as he is known, who served as behind-the-scenes go-between in arranging Giscard's confrontation with Polish socialist leader Lech Walesa at the summit in Warsaw at the start of this year's outreach with the Americans. Yet his president's feelings be known by dubbing Jimmy Carter "an inselbick." Called a bull in a china shop by eye reporters, he retorted: "I only break the crockery that is pressed out to me for breaking."

But in a parliamentary committee investigating whether to call him before the French high court for his role in the de Gaulle affair resumed recently with the demands that he resign in the fall, it was plain to see that this time it may be Pontonac himself who gets broken. His troubles date back to a news conference he called five days after de Gaulle was named down by a team of hard-riding senators on Christmas Eve, 1970, when, as minister of the Interior, he announced that all the culprits were behind bars and the case was closed. It was an astonishing declaration considering that he named as guilty two men who at the time had not even been charged with the crime—thus creating



Participants: The students in the class

ing the minister of justice and French
magistrature

But it was all the stranger considering that his explanation of the motive—the liquidation of a \$200,000 debt borrowed from the prince to buy a Fiat restaurant—didn't hold water as the loan contract showed, the borrower still owed de Broglie's heirs. What's more, he had been averse to the doorstep of one of their houses, which had seen a little violence. In the months that followed, it did increasingly bizarre events. The garrison told detectives he was hired by a crooked policeman who was seen for the gap who would come for a investigation into de Broglie's dubious business dealings. It was revealed that he helped boost more than 40 companies, many set up in Luxembourg and involved in securities and



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You see, because of the way many modern foods are processed, much of the natural B complex is removed before they ever get to the store.

So even if you eat what seems to be a "balanced" diet, you can't be sure of making it up.

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New Surbex B Plus contains all 5 of the important vitamins that make up the B complex; with the addition of Vitamin C.

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The Overwork Pill



Ontario's Employment Standards Act requires employers with 50 or more employees to give two months' notice of a layoff or shutdown (or pay in lieu) and four months' notice if more than 200 employees are involved. Other provinces have similar employment standards legislation requiring proper notice.

Much of the angry mood in Ontario can be attributed to the excessive impact of the relatively large number of shutdowns during the past year (about 50 across the province since last summer)—most, though not all, related to the risky automobile industry. But much of the resentment has been focused on specific moves that seem to have, quite justifiably, forced high-handed Honda Automobiles of Canada Ltd. in Windsor, for example, subsidiary of a U.S. parent, over no notice



LAWYER cartoon depicting shutdowns, notices

laws, which may not be desirable in the long run.

Many union officials believe government standards are inadequate to guarantee job security and should be re-examined—possibly to parallel legislation in other European countries, which, in some cases, makes it nearly impossible for private industry to lay workers off under any circumstances.

Italy's giant Fiat automobile company, for example, is currently battling government regulations that virtually prevent downturns, even though the worldwide auto slump is causing the company to lose money. "That's a bit extreme," says Grossman. "Of course we want job security, but if we reach that kind of labor impasse in this country, our economy will grind to a halt." A more attractive foreign model might be the British division of Turner's Motors-Financing Ltd., which set up a special subsidiary to find employment for the 3,000 workers who lost their jobs when its Kilmarnock plant in Scotland closed down permanently last winter.

For the really imaginative, some smaller shutdowns have been countered by groups of employees having the firm themselves (see box page 28).

Across the country, government labor officials express concern about layoffs and shutdowns. While they admit there's nothing they can do to prevent them, they also feel companies have an obligation to treat former employees fairly—or stronger legislative standards may be necessary.

Rolling out the green carpet

It takes Adams less than a week to get a new Green Revolution will spring from a small bed story being on the outside at Frederick N.B. There Adams a 60-year-old environmentalist is turning out—on machinery that looks like a vintage newspaper press—in product he calls the Green Adams product could be the best thing to happen to do-anything-in-the-world since the power power—he can get into large scale production. In fact, Adams is a product he calls the Green Adams product could be the best thing to happen to do-anything-in-the-world since the power power—he can get into large scale production. In fact, Adams is a product he calls the Green Adams product could be the best thing to happen to do-anything-in-the-world since the power power—he can get into large scale production.

Adams with green assembly workers in a factory.



the mill is more expensive than regular sawing—but only one quarter the cost of and.

Adams—whose water business ventures have included housing development and logging operations—has spent six years and \$250,000 of his own money tinkering with innovations and machinery to produce instant Green. His method is nothing if not innovative: to ensure uniform steel coverage during reforestation, for example, a rotating water wheel feeds the mud with wet molasses obtained from a sugar refinery. Then the seeds are blown dry, catching in all the right sticky places. The Adams department of regional economies expansion (DRE) through enough of the idea to get Adams a \$44,000 grant and to let users as diverse as the Pennsylvania highway department and a Florida golf course builder have been testing the product. Says Adams: "If we could get the first part of the test started in North America we'd need a grant 100 times as big as this one."

But, like many an inventor before him, Adams has discovered that making and selling a better mousetrap is a long, expensive story. "Somebody would like to find a co-inventor," he says. "I'm not a puny little megalomaniac of America. He also has the seed of another seed germinating in his fertile mind: using anti-techniques to produce seeds. "I'd like to tell you it's a whole lot of things cheaper than you could buy the seeds," he enthuses, "and you wouldn't even have to seed it. This thing needs more government support. Nobody's going to do it."

David Foliover

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Promises they couldn't keep

By Hal Gurn

The Player's International Canadian Open Tennis Championship was a series of appalling disappointments last week—for players, fans and promoters. As top-seeded men and women agreed to compete and advance ticket sales soared, thoughts of bitterly cold winds whipping down centre court in last year's tournament and suspicion that this was really only a warm-up exercise for the U.S. Open were replaced by faithful visions of rematches of this year's exciting Wimbledon. Certainly straw-bonnet and cream would be replaced in Toronto by coral-bead neckties, the Royal box by cigarette banners and the lawns of Wimbledon by a space-age artificial surface, but the long and queen of tennis would be there, harried by her pretenders.

But as the tournament unfolded, the disappointments followed one another as steadily as the wadis hole each flag taut and followed the tents around the courts at York University. Weekend tickets for the semifinals and finals had been sold out long before five-time Wimbledon and defending men's singles champion Rikri Borg of Sweden and his opponent at last week's stirring Wimbledon final and second-ranked player in the world, John McEnroe of the U.S., arrived in town. No 3 and Jimmy Connors wasn't coming, but No 5 Vitas Gerulaitis and No 8 Ivan Lendl were. And thanks to a boost in the women's prize money from an embarrassing \$25,000 to \$100,000 (U.S.), Wimbledon champion Evonne Cuyachung came, second-ranked Maria Sharapova, and third-ranked Chris Evert Lloyd were at their way.

The site, bordered by a four-lane thoroughfare favored by tandem trucks just to the north, by secondary industries to the east and the bleak York campus to the south, and with its perpetual flow of women waiting across to the washroom behind centre court, gave few visitors the impression that they had arrived where something historic or even memorable was about to take place. Yet the potential was there, if quickly evaporated.

And nationalistic dreams died quickly too. Greg Blaxler and Bill Cowan, both of Toronto, started well. Blaxler knocked off the tournament's fifth seed, Bruce Manson of the U.S., while Cowan defeated American Bruce Klieger, but both were eliminated in straight sets in their second matches

Also falling in the opening round were Canadians Francois Stanghell, Bruce Miller, Stephanie Morneau, national women's champion Wendy Barlow of Victoria, B.C., and Karve Davis of London, Ont. It was left to Toronto's Glenn Michibata, 28, considered the best tennis prospect produced in Canada in 20 years. Centre court was ringed with a standing-room crowd of 1,500 for his match with Sweden's Stefan Simonsson. The crowd applauded Michibata's every move, and in a definite breach of tennis' muggle-like rules of decorum, cheered missed shots by the Swede. But despite breaking Simonsson's serve three times in the first set, Michibata lost the first set in a tie-breaker and the second set 6-2. And Tarentian Steve Borg's dream was just that. He faced Rikri Borg in his opening match. He broke Borg's serve in the first game and held his own in the second to lead 3-6. "He should claim an injury and walk off now," said one of the paying customers. "He could tell his grandfather he had to quit while he was beating Borg." Borg stayed and lost 6-3, 6-2.

But, as the week progressed, injuries were as everyone's friend, and customers could be forgiven for suspecting that

Rog (above), Michibata, Evert Lloyd: The king without his pretenders



each jet passing overhead carried away another top player. It began after Borg's match with Rikri Borg, who explained that after Wimbledon and his marriage to Maria Simonsson he had played no tennis. "I decided to run to stay in shape—but on concrete." His right knee became sore then and again after practice early last week. Borg made it clear that if the injury flared again, he would withdraw. That same day, John McEnroe, in the second set of his demolition of Martin Watanabe of Ottawa, turned his right ankle. Midway through the first set of his second-round match, he stopped abruptly at the net after a winning volley. He then calmly walked off the court, greeted up his racket and waved goodbye to the crowd and those women of Wimbledon rematch. With a history of ankle injuries, McEnroe explained, "This isn't the first time it has happened, and it's the kind of thing that needs rest." Putting his withdrawal into a perspective unpopular with the pressmen, McEnroe added, "I wanted to do well here as a warm-up to the [U.S.] Open." As Borg permitted and third-seed Gerulaitis was pulled by Sandy Mayer, the following day the top-seeded woman, Maria Sharapova, withdrew. Serving at 5-6 in the opening set of her third-round match, she suffered muscle spasms in her lower

back and walked off—to some beating. "What do they think—I'm going?" she asked. "I needed these matches, but it's my body."

Yet, in the women's division there was still Goughing Cowley, Evert Lloyd and child-phenom Andrea Jaeger, 15. But Jaeger was quickly arrested by a former child-phenom, now a mature 19-year-old, Pam Shriver. Shortly afterward, all vestiges of Wimbledon remained were gone. Goughing Cowley bowed to Kathy Jordan, 7-6 in a tie-breaker and 6-0 in the second set. Her post-Wimbledon performance was reminiscent of her famous "walkabout" early in her career. Jordan said, "Evonne never seemed into the match." Goughing termed it "a slump that I just never got out of. I know what people are thinking [about the withdrawals and spectators] but nobody likes to lose and I was hoping to stay around and get a few more matches under my belt [before the U.S. Open]."

Steve Lloyd marched to the final defeating an injured Shriver in straight sets. As were all players at the tournament, Evert Lloyd was bothered by the wind swirling down the court unobtruded by barriers or enclosed grandstands. But she had more trouble with Shriver, winning 6-4, 7-5 to reach the final against Virginia Ruzici from Romania, the sixth seed. Borg's heartbreak resembled come-like as he advanced past Mayer (ranked 18th in the world) to his final with Czechoslovakia's Lendl. The last day's sellout crowd would not witness hoped-for rematches or history makers, but at least it would see the king and a former queen. ♦



Four horsemen and glitter that isn't Olympic gold

The last time it happened, almost everyone had already gone home. It was the last event of the scheduled Mexico Olympics when the Canadian national equestrian team won a gold medal in 1968. It was Canada's only golden moment of those Games, and three Summer Games later, the riders are on top again.

U.S. President Jimmy Carter's boycott of the Moscow Games did much to defuse their validity, yet many Western countries sent teams, signaling their displeasure with the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan by leaving their flags at home. Of all sporting bodies the equestrians were the most united and, last

competed at the Olympic Games," said Elder. "We came to Europe thinking we had an outside chance, but we won the out of eight events in Dinard, France, the week before, so we were on the spending."

When Mark Lusk of Edmonton rode Dinard through two faultless rounds, the Canadians were on their way to upsetting the favored team from Britain. Miller almost matched Lusk's performance, securing just 25 penalty points in the first round, 4.25 in the second and Vallancourt had four and eight penalty points, while Elder had eight in each round.

The Nation's Cup required four riders



Miller, Elder, Lusk, Vallancourt looking at the Canadians on the last

week, when 13 countries competed for the coveted Nations Cup in Rotterdam, the Netherlands. It was considered the equestrian Olympics. Only Mexico of the 13 had been at the Moscow Games.

The Canadians were justifiably judged as long shots by the other countries and by themselves. Michel Vallancourt of Hudson, Que., rode Civia in the show-jumping event when he top horse, Wrong Number, became ill. Ian Miller, of Perth, Ont., was aboard Boulder Blue, a horse he had seen in just three weeks before the event. Veteran rider Jim Elder of Aurora, Ont., a member of the 1968 Olympic team, rode Volunteer, team member Terry Lendl's horse until she retired recently.

Last year we lost a lot of good horses we were up against the top riders in the world, much better than those who

en each team to complete two rounds over a 16-obstacle 70-metre course. The three best riders in each round counted toward the final score based on the lowest total. Canada's winning score was 16.5. Britain finished second with 18.5 (Britain's Tim Grubb injured 14.5 penalty points in a disappointing first ride) and Austria third at 20.5. Southern of Ontario teamed with Kevin Bacon of Australia to take third place in the twoulder team jumping event.

"It was a lot like winning the gold medal at the Mexico City Olympics," said Elder. "This was certainly a valid test of where Canada ranks in jumping. It's just too bad it couldn't have come at the Olympic Games. Nothing can ever replace the Olympic atmosphere, but everyone here is treating this as the Olympics. For the next four years people are going to look at the Canadian equestrians as the best." ♦



Environment

Gone fishin' but the fish are gone

Three years ago Bowen Islander Frank Seaberry finally caught two or three salmon whenever he took his boat to his favorite fishing hole on Howe Sound, just north of Vancouver. This year his luck has been as soggy as the weather. "I thought at first it was because I wasn't drinking beer as I fished like I used to," says Seaberry. "But that hasn't helped either. This year you really have to like fishing to put in the time it takes to catch one," in emphatic agreement, Mike Haffenden, who has fished commercially for 26 years out of Vancouver, is forgoing the source unless this year is a year of hail-bait. "It's not worth my while to go out for dollar-a-pound salmon," he says. "There are boats tied up here in Vancouver that haven't been out once this year. They're fully paid for, but operating expenses are way up and income is way down. There's just no money in it at all unless you're very good."

The story is the same up and down the B.C. coast this year as at expected had since but so far proved disastrous. All major salmon runs in the West are even lower than the pessimistic predictions, particularly the Fraser River sockeye catch, which as of Aug. 1 was only 58,000—less than one-third the amount caught four years ago and minuscule compared to the record 35 million fish caught in 1913. Too many depleted fisheries, with \$300,000 average in some cases, are closing too few fish and, as a result, several small processing companies recently have closed their doors. And though B.C. has the most drastic salmon scarcity in the country this season, the losses of salmon on the Atlantic coast just as bleak, despite concerted runs this



PHOTO BY GUY LAWRENCE

year. Fisheries biologists warn that unless ways are found to breed salmon successfully in hatcheries, and unless sports and commercial fishermen limit their catch, Canada's salmon will dwindle as surely as they have in most of Western Europe.

While modern fishing methods and larger boats are cited as the major cause of declining stocks, the severe damage caused by a polluted river environment is not going unnoticed. This year alone, federal Fisheries officers have laid 53 charges for harming salmon habitats against B.C. individuals and companies, and the provincial government has charged 25 Fraser river anglers. But it's all in vain, say biologists, unless there is also some control over the use of catch permitted. Dick Bonnach, the newly appointed director of the Pacific Ranges Station in Nanaimo, B.C., agrees and says that finding ways of stopping the salmon decline is his first priority—as well it might be. With a wholesale value of \$338 million last year, fishing (predominantly for salmon) was the province's fourth-largest industry. Says Bonnach, "There's no catch we don't know about salmon, particularly while they're at sea, and we're going to have to learn very quickly."

With a salmon fishery one-thirtieth the size of B.C.'s and with only one species of salmon instead of five, the Atlantic coast situation has been easier to handle, although not less serious. "We've had 280 years of destruction of salmon-breeding rivers as well as over-seed overfishing," says Dick Cutting, a biologist with the Halifax Fisheries Experiment. "While federal law on commercial fishing in New Brunswick,



Seaberry (above), Bonnach (top left) and other B.C. fishermen facing financial ruin

Quebec and parts of Newfoundland since the early '70s have led to some pessimism to the best runs this year in a decade, it is important to remember that the best catch this year is just a quarter of what it was two decades ago. Most of the boats are being lifted next year and replaced with catch restrictions and tougher licensing rules for both commercial fishermen and anglers. The federal authorities are hoping that this kind of catch regulation, combined with improved salmon hatcheries (there are 19 in B.C. and 12 in the East), will be the salmon's salvation.

Still, if cheap and plentiful salmon are ever again going to be a staple in Canadian kitchens, better ways must be found to anticipate shortages. Says Yves Goss, a biologist with the Quebec government, "In the past we have allowed regulation the fishery after a down trend, which means we are always behind. We have to develop better methods of prediction so that we can impose regulations a year ahead." Right now, though, fishermen in B.C. face financial ruin—nobody knows how many, but figures in the hundreds are mentioned, from which Mike Haffenden retorts, "What are the banks going to do with fishing boats? They don't know how to catch salmon, particularly if there aren't any."

Mark Radwin

Music



A lyrical refugee from punk

By David Livingstone

De Burgh from membership to a lifetime

It could be argued that not since the '70s, when Toronto served as a drop-off point for smagging copies of James Joyce's *Ulysses* into the United States, has Canada figured more strategically in an Irishman's career than it has in Chris de Burgh's. In 1975, as an unknown solo opening act, the singer/songwriter was less than warmly received by a hedging Montreal audience who just couldn't wait for the North American debut of headliners Supertramp, other foreign performers whose names on these shores has found shadowed acceptance north of the border. However, now de Burgh can sit in Toronto, where he recorded his fifth album and recently spent four weeks rehearsing for upcoming tours of Europe and Canada, and talk serenely of what this country means to him. "Canada is, salmon-wise, my strongest market," he says, with Canadian sales of 300,000 behind him. "It's a strong base, and if you're going to work you might as well work somewhere where you're known. There's no point going to Guatemala."

Blat he is, in fact, closer to Irish soil of Guatemala, it would have been consistent with an erratic life that started in Argentina in 1948 as Chris Davison, the second son of a British father doing relief-work for the British Foreign Office and an Irish mother, from whose ancestral tree he picked "de Burgh." Following stints in Malta and Africa, his parents moved to southeastern Ireland in 1963, purchased a 12th-

century Norman castle and turned it into a hotel. De Burgh attended Marlborough public school, and studied English and French at Trinity College, Dublin. His deceptively self-contained manner reflects a boyhood spent on a farm, and though his work is known for its abandoned lyricism, he himself appears curiously sensible, stoking the windowill of his Toronto hotel room with Telly tea and scotch honey and keeping a shipping tape on hand to exercise his cat, *Chris Physics*.

Undertones, however, inform de Burgh's professional habits. Whether deliberating over live stage wardrobe—something "fairly messy" but not "over-the-top"—or practicing with his band, four of whose live members are Canadians, to how he rewrites programs to clockwork precision, he leaves little to accident. One night song, based on the fact that he has been especially popular in Newfoundland, where his fifth Canadian tour kicks off later this month, that de Burgh's success has everything to do with shared Celtic roots, but such an explanation is incomplete. When it comes to selling records, tons of the spirit are selling without heavy radio play. While a single from his first album, topped Brazilian pop charts in 1975, it was *Spirits From*, released in 1976, enthusiastically played by CHOM FM in Montreal and followed by an intensive cross-country promotional tour (100 interviews in five days, that marked the beginning of the

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de Burgh phenomenon in Canada. Quebec record-buyers have been notoriously disposed to the falconer musical victims of groups such as Supertramp, Genesis, Styx—and in that province alone Spinal Tap and Other Stories, containing the very popular allegorical narrative about God and the devil playing poker for the souls of the dead, sold more than in all of Great Britain.

"People like me didn't stand a chance," says de Burgh, denouncing the British music industry in the mid-'70s and suggesting what it must have been like during the days of peak rock'n' roll:

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ejercent swell to be the author of some-alien such as John Grove Shavers with words such as, "Where your dreams are, get your legs; you know they will not fail you. Still strongly committed to the craft of songwriting, he considers much new wave music "a very crude weapon to beat people over the head with," and for him the Beatles were merely "a lot." Though de Burgh lives in Ireland with his wife, an artist in stained glass, he says, "I feel I have much more in common with what's happening over here musically. I look at the American Top 20 and every band in the

kind. I say, you know, Jackson Browne, The Eagles." With his latest album, *Eastern Wind*, released in July, he is aiming "full tilt at America."

To that end, *Eastern Wind* departs from the lushly produced musicality that has characterized de Burgh's output so far. For the first time there is an orchestral backdrop. While themes con-



With band: "Eastern Wind" from the north

tinues to be romantic—love, travel, imprisonment and mortality—there are also a couple of dance tunes. *Shadows and Lapis* is a Saturday night rocker, *Paradise Adventure* an outright cha-cha. And though de Burgh flirts states, "I can't stand people like the Yon Rollinson Band and all that pseudo-political stuff," the title track might even be construed as a reflection on the Iranian crisis. Dave Margerson, who, as an executive with S&W in England, was responsible for signing de Burgh to the label and who now manages him (as well as Supertramp) from Los Angeles, reassures "Eastern Wind is more accessible musically, more vibrant, if you like."

Despite Margerson's attentive guidance, the support of S&W Canada's thoroughgoing promotional efforts and an undeniable foothold in the Canadian market, there are still some who bear the name Chris de Burgh and scratch their heads. "Crop Song what? Crystal what?" The new album may rectify that. About the devotees who have been buying up the album and tearing out for the concerts, one can only speculate. De Burgh himself offers no specific profile but notes them when he can, "I got a lot of letters, very, very personal letters, connected to death or raptures of a spiritual nature. People write to me, 'My girlfriend died in my arms on Thursday and I want to tell you that our favorite song was *Lovely Day*.' Or a girl writes, 'My father died last year and I feel my link with him is through your songs.'"

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Health

A galling problem, a balanced solution

This year alone, 80,000 Canadians will quietly undergo surgery for a disease long thought to affect only the old and obese. Gallstones, these pebbles of cholesterol that form in the gallbladder, in fact occur most commonly in women in their 50s. They can lead to liver damage and even death unless the gallbladder is removed, in the past the only known treatment. But now, researchers at Dalhousie University

in six women between the ages of 15 and 36 is affected.

Cholesterol (the generic name is cholelithiasis) has been on the market in Germany and Japan for two years. But in Canada, it has been approved only as an emergency drug for patients medically unfit for surgery. The national food and drug directorate requires that it be proven safe on a sample population of Canadians before be-



Scott and Wilkerson: women up to five times more susceptible than men

in Halifax are experimenting with a drug that could literally dissolve the problem.

The gallbladder is a storage organ for bile, an alkaline fluid secreted by the liver and passed into the small intestine, where it aids in digestion. Stones form when the cholesterol content of the bile is thrown out of which. The drug being tested, called Chenofalk, is taken orally and absorbed into the gallbladder where it softens the natural balance of chemicals. A larger side effect is that the cholesterol stones dissolve. Most Wilkerson, the doctor heading the Halifax research, says the process can take as long as 18 months, but initial results suggest that, with daily doses, treatment time may be much less.

Geddes has yet to determine the exact cause of gallstones, but several things are known to predispose people toward developing them: the presence of other diseases such as hypothyroidism or chronic inflammation of the distal small intestine, use of oral contraceptives, obesity, and going for long periods without eating. Women are three to five times as susceptible as men—on a

ing, sold commercially—probably in about two years. That of people who have used it severely ill, about 50 to 80 per cent find that new gallstones form within a year after treatment stops.

Wilkerson suspects the main reason is diet. Gallstones seem to be more common among people whose intake of carbohydrates in their life is documented that fasting is a first study of Chinese, Indian women in Nova Scotia, and is now attempting to discover whether the same thing is true of Halifax women. Deborah Shores Sedlin is going door-to-door throughout the city asking women to answer questions about eating habits in order to uncover gallstones sufferers willing to give Chenofalk a try. And, perhaps just as important, the project will provide data with which researchers can develop a diet to help dissolve gallstones and prevent their recurrence. That some consumers' gallstones are already apparent: reduce carbohydrate intake, eat regular meals and, if overweight, reduce.

Sue Calhoun

SCOTT & WILKERSON



Books

Hey, wait a minute, Mr. Postman

The skeptic of the publishing industry Gary Geddes has the luck of a lamb about to be led to slaughter. Poet, anthologist, playwright and teacher, Geddes in his most recent incarnation as founder of the Montreal-based Quadrant Editions has landed squarely on shaky ground where Canadian publishers are feared to tread. As more and more houses retreat from the financial risks of "quality" to the easy comforts of "commercial" books, Quadrant is taking the dangerous path of publishing the unknown work of ambitious writers, poets and playwrights. "It helps it necessary," says Geddes, "to make a gesture of faith in our good sense and integrity as a culture."

For Quadrant Editions, whose headquarters are now in Geddes' own office at Concordia University, integrity is the operative word. Unlike the many small publishers that are forced to wage

a losing battle with bookstore best-sellers, Quadrant is taking the perennial problem of sales into its own hands. In what Geddes describes as "a new experiment in literary publishing," distribution will be handled on a subscription basis—mail-order books. Skeptic notwithstanding, after only six months in operation Quadrant is approaching the 800 subscribers it needs to break even for its first year. For an annual fee of \$36 Quadrant's readers will receive seven titles by post. The first four, due to be mailed this September, include *Signe Agard on Empty Sky*, a first collection of poetry by Edmonton's Steve Hume, and *Polymer the Death*, a lyrical novel set in Quebec's Eastern Townships by Bernard Kops. The subscription list is no less national in scope: "From Ross Bay to Vancouver Island," is Geddes' cheerful description.

Quadrant Editions was conceived in reaction to problems that Geddes believes have been brewing in Canadian publishing for five to 10 years. "During the brief renaissance of the '60s and early '70s we all got a bit carried away," he says. "But even then a shift was occurring." While small presses grew in number, the large and more influential houses began to edge away from distinguished ventures like poetry and first novels. The last nail in the coffin, so far as Geddes is concerned, is the \$30,000 Best Books award given each year to

Geddes and subscribers used the most \$300

first novelist of a commercial best. "Most of us were naive enough to think that finally it was possible for a writer to make a book financially," the Best Books award turned out to be the worst sort of serious publishing in this country."

As rampant as the industry's commercialism has become, Geddes is not less alarmed by the dependence of smaller houses on government support. "Government grants are invaluable and always welcome," he says. "It's something that we have that kind of support. But if you put money into a small press and make no demands about distribution and sales, you only push the writer further to the margins of poverty. You're not doing anyone much of a favor if you publish work that will never be read."

By virtue of their direct route to subscribers, Geddes believes that Quadrant books will certainly be read. The true test of Quadrant Editions, however, will come when readers are asked to renew their yearly subscriptions. Geddes is well aware that many supporters may balk at a second \$36. But he remains optimistic. "I've been sort of a cultural missionary in this country for nearly 20 years, and I know the time is right for something new to happen in publishing." With writers the calibre of Stephen Scobie, Dorothy Livesey, Earle Brown and George Woodcock already in his lists, he says, will be right.

David Macfarlane

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

1. *Jonathan Trevis and the Wolf*, Richter (1)
2. *The Source of the Nile*, Latham (2)
3. *Page of Angels*, Shattuck (3)
4. *Random Walk*, Paine (4)
5. *Sole*, Higgins (5)
6. *The Girl in the Rain*, Adams (6)
7. *Smiley's People*, Le Carré (7)
8. *Ships of the Past*, Schwartz (8)
9. *The Day After Tomorrow*, French (9)
10. *Phantom Dance*, Kresla (10)

NONFICTION

1. *The Third Wave*, Toffler (1)
2. *How to Invest Your Money and Profit From Inflation*, Shattuck (2)
3. *The Road West*, Shattuck (3)
4. *The Neighbor's Wife*, Tatham (4)
5. *Confessions*, Amel (5)
6. *Wife, Lady (6)*
7. *Ways of Escape*, Brown (7)
8. *Managing in Turbulent Times*, Drucker (8)
9. *Shadows*, Winkler (9)
10. *Shadows: New Strategy of Daily Stock Market Trading for Maximum Profit*, Granville (10)

(*Previous list item)

WHERE IS FRED JOHNSON?

Was his kidnapping staged? Or is he dead?

By Barbara Aron

The suns pined the summer night of Aug. 26, 1979, with inappropriate harshness. Ray Wolfe, an old walking his dog along Old Forest Hill Road, heard it: the cold sound of human feet when it comes from somewhere deep down in the belly. At 90 Old Forest Hill Road, the Toronto home of Lisa and Fred Johnson, a woman ran across the wide front lawn. It was Lisa Johnson, face distorted with fear, her careful mask of makeup cracking. She told the police what she could: that an "ugly, fat, short man" wearing a wig had come to the front door and asked her husband to sign some legal papers. As she turned to call Fred from the kitchen, where he was sitting with his co-lawyer, Roy and Yusef Dehaka, the man that the door behind him. When Fred Johnson, 44, appeared, the intruder pulled out a gun that he had concealed under the manila folder he was carrying or the bulky black jacket he wore.

Fred looked away from the front door shouting "I'm not Fred Johnson," pursued by the portly man with a drooping mouth and stumbling gait. Then it was over. Fred Johnson and the man were gone. And so would begin a story that has not yet ended—the kidnapping of Fred Johnson.

It is a story that has captured the public imagination. The day after the kidnapping the city of Toronto seemed to shake. A respectable businessman had been pulled from his home at gunpoint. It could happen to anyone if it could happen right in the heart of Forest Hill where the kidnapping victim lived. The city was surrounded by the imagination of wealth. As the story unfolded, a cast of characters began to emerge illustrating conflicting elements of Canadian society: businessmen, small-time criminals and the big-time world of loan sharks—all were drawn to the Fred Johnson kidnapping case like animals sensing a kill. The questions remain unanswered: Who is Fred Johnson? Where is he today?

The police arrived at the scene quickly. Fred Johnson's lawyers moved in just as quickly, requesting the police to restrict access of any media Johnson might bump with underlife



What was not revealed was his prison record. In 1958, a breaking-and-entering conviction in Toronto had sent Johnson to the city's Mexico Correctional Centre for three months. In 1968, two charges of theft over \$50 earned him 18 months at Burnhamthorpe Correctional Centre. But by 1962 he was starting up his own business, a small furniture and appliance store, selling and air-conditioners and reconditioned television sets. He was married in 1963 as well, to an attractive

Johnson (left), wife's sketch of his kidnapping showing Johnson and wife, Lisa, portly man with a drooping gait.



figures. Such details, it was claimed, might prejudice any future negotiations. The police was told only that Fred Johnson, entrepreneur, was a Canadian success story—all sorts. He had come to Toronto from New Brunswick in 1958, fresh from the potato farms of his adoptive Scandinavian parents.

Death investigator, Lisa, who had a yen for upward mobility.

There seemed to be nothing that could stop the two. Maybe a moment of difficulty when Johnson got a minor credit charge in 1968, but the courts let it go when he made restitution. There was a \$1,000 fine in 1970 for customs violations, but smuggling purchases in

from Europe was almost a respectable white-collar crime. And Fred Johnson was headed for white-hot and tooled living. His eye was drawn to the shimmer world of Las Vegas. Casino Palace, Aladdin's get, began calling him "Mr. Johnson" with deference in their voices and Toronto-arranged gambling jets with millions in \$10,000 stakes.

By 1970 he had 30 cars of choice. He favored two diamond-and-gold rings and a 10-karat gold watch. He loathed bathing and loved playing the country boy. He enjoyed patting his moon-and-dial feet up on the polished boardroom tables of Toronto's lofty law firm Fraser & Bortle, while he pecked his teeth with a multipiece comb and secretaries brought in tea on silver trays. He had a half-million-dollar home, and outside it, that rainy Aug. 26th night, were all the warm and pleasant accoutrements of Forest Hill life: Lisa Johnson's Belle River, Fred's turbocharged Porsche and a scolding Jaguar sedan. The right cars for the right district. The right look for Fred Johnson with his handsome face slightly scarred from an accident, his

including theft, forgery, breaking and entering, was arrested on Sept. 4, 1979, and received five months later of restoring \$3,000 from Johnson's business associate, Rivers, and lawyer, Horan, after Dean offered to return Johnson to them for payment of \$50,000. The extortion attempt was hasty, a series of cheap mistakes. Horan, with offices in the Carrara marble office of Toronto's First Canadian Place, sitting across the Toronto table of a slightly seedy hotel with Andre Rivers, negotiating with street-talking, street was Mary Dean, more at home in the pool halls and fast-food joints of Toronto's underworld. The deal fell apart, but only after Mary disappeared with

the boy from New Brunswick. Within 24 hours of his disappearance a hotline had been set up by business associates of Johnson's in preparation for ransom demands. High-profile criminal lawyer David Thompson had been retained to negotiate with any caller by associates including Ted Horan, Johnson's lawyer from Fraser & Bortle, Jack Witte, one of Johnson's partners in British United Automobiles, and Andre Rivers, a New Jersey businessman who flew into Toronto immediately after the kidnapping and set



The Johnsons (above), Dealer in a Toronto bank left, his favorite photo of Cohen (right) with Cohen in happier times, on-painted bathroom fixtures.

\$1,000 of Rivers' money "for expenses." Dean would surface again at the second trial in the Johnson case, a trial in which a Toronto small-time dealer was accused of being the ugly little kidnapper of Fred Johnson. There, Mary would state in court what was becoming a pattern of some speculation in both police and business circles: Fred Johnson had not been kidnapped.

"He's kidnapped. He's lying in the sun with some nice young chick spending the money that he earned people out of. If he would have been kidnapped for money," explained Mary, "he would have been grabbed on the street, probably going up Forest Hill or something, 'I'm talking about criminal thinking. The person involved in it wouldn't have been stupid enough to go into a house and let a bunch of other people see him."

A staged kidnapping. Just a theory, of course, and the police could scarcely act on. The coroner wanted a kidnapper caught fast and, besides, the police had to respond to the evidence of Mrs. Johnson who had seen the gunman. By Sept. 28, 1979, they had one charged from the 1941 world of small-time criminals. He was a peering, self-important man named Al Baker

high schoolhouse, his easy charm, the casual sexuality that made the ladies in Las Vegas follow him.

He was on his way up, or so it seemed. Bankers and businessmen undertook temporary cash-flow problems or a little over-indebtedness, and Johnson seemed to have some pretty hefty assets to tide him over the occasional rough spot. There was his partnership in British United Automobiles, a company selling Leyland cars and selling some covered pieces of real estate, the fine-art franchise for Peugeot and Audi he held, his interests in nursing homes—very popular with the investment crowd since 1972 when the Ontario government announced Ontario Hospital Insurance Plan (OHIP) coverage to the homes. Then there was a part ownership of Komar Corporation, a company man-

aged at Toronto's Park Plaza Hotel. Speculation over the reasons for Johnson's kidnapping began to surface. Rumors began running. He "owed money on the street" for gambling debts. The FBI was involved. Johnson had revolved on business deals made with the wrong people. Inside the Johnson home, in the middle of the renovations and to be costing \$25,000—a suite in the basement, gold-plated fixtures in the bathroom—adding up, in the only room where there was an air conditioner and some furniture, was a Metropolitan Toronto policeman. He would stay there, guarding a trembling Lisa Johnson and her 11-year-old daughter for 21 weeks.

The first charge was laid 18 days after the kidnapping: Howard "Mugsy" Dean, a criminal with a 25-year record

Of Polish Irish descent, Barker, 38, quickly became the focus of the case. In street jargon he was a "bouncer." He wore 1000 suits and 3150 shoes and never talked about moving a finger for less than a "grand." But if his pockets were empty, all that would fall out was a railway token. Like most con-men, he lived in a rooming house or with relatives, never had a land telephone number and used restaurants, grills or billiard halls as his answering

phone. Barker, Cohen was on probation for dangerous driving at the time and she chose to "follow the policeman." Police officer and chest performer as promised. She performed oral sex, and there was no trip to the station. Cohen told Barker of the deal. Barker immediately saw an angle and telephoned Attorney-General Roy McPhail's office. It wasn't that he was appalled, he simply saw a lawsuit and

leaving the policeman, the five foot, seven inch, 200-pound ex-beer with the washed-in nose and the curious set of pearly-white front teeth, came to mind. Roy Delisle, Lisa Johnson's half sister, picked him out of a set of police photos—along with two other suspects. Lisa Johnson nearly fainted at a police lineup that included Barker, saying, "This is the man. I'm sure this is the man." The lineup was scarcely one the Metro police could be proud of—only Barker seemed to resemble in the description. Lisa Johnson's identification was, nonetheless, direct eyewitness evidence. Barker's alibi, too, turned out to be suspect. First he said he was at the pool hall, then later on he remembered otherwise. He had been at Toronto's Hampton Court Hotel when the kidnapping took place.

And he could prove it, too, because fortunately he had happened to pass a play credit card that very evening and the bartender who worked there was an old friend who recognized him and put the card through anyway. Barker's arc was the testimony of Keeble McFarlane, a CIBC employee who had never met Barker before but could remember



Sketch of the extortion attempt with Rivers (left), Norton (center), and Gault; Gault (left) after 1974 acquitted for murder; Rivers: the witness seeking a bill

services. In Barker's case it was Times Square Billiards he favored most, right in downtown Toronto on Edward Street—the kind of hall where the grumpy windows and neon lights turn every hour into early morning stillness.

Barker rarely held a job. Most of the time he drew money—about \$200 a month—from the City of Toronto, which seemed to act as his own personal Canada Council grant financing his creative abilities with cheques, credit cards, anything to make a buck. His record was mixed, except for a conviction in 1977 as part of an organized stolen-cheque ring.

He came to the attention of the police in part through the attentions of his girl-friend and his own need to figure an angle in everything. Susana Cohen, 48, one-time beauty contestant, had been Barker's girl on and off for seven years. One night in August, 1979, Cohen drove through Mississauga with a tail-light out on her car. When a policeman stopped her a chess emergency—at the suggestion of one or the other—between going to the police station or fol-



money in it. "I told her there was maybe a hundred thousand there," he says.

The Peel Regional Police carried out an investigation and the police officer resigned. When Barker continued to pressure a reluctant Cohen to take legal action, she complained to the police. As a solution to Cohen's problems, Metro police suggested she could inform on any (illegal) activities of Barker's and help put him out of action for a while. For a time she did. But soon the 10-round fights, the hit-and-butchery-kidnapping sessions between Barker and Cohen had run their course. Barker's girl.

Barker remained in the police's consciousness. And when the description came of a short, fat, ugly man with a

drinking all evening with him. The only face in all of this was that McFarlane couldn't swear that it was the night of Aug. 28th—the kidnapping night. It might have been, it might not. Keeble McFarlane frequented the Hampton Court bar several nights a week.

Though the evidence against Barker was slim, Susana Cohen managed to keep the headline attention on him. Having decided that she didn't want to testify, she shut herself up in her apartment and using a pellet gun held a local butcher hostage in an attempt to avoid being served a subpoena. When finally forced to go to court, she looked one police officer so badly that he required stitches in his leg. From that point on her testimony was given while she wore leg shades. The most damning evidence the police had was an attempt by Barker to sell a thin gold Universal Geneva watch to the owner of a mess-



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were score less than a week after the kidnapping of Johnson. The police were convinced it was Johnson's watch, but a later search for it failed. Worth to the frustration of the Grove attorney prosecuting Barker, on the first day of the preliminary hearing the defense produced the watch that, they claimed, had been hidden in a duffel bag in Barker's friend's room. It was a 14-karat gold watch. Fred Johnson's was 18 karat. The case against Barker was falling apart. When gave it its final push was the effectiveness of Barker's lawyer, William Bradford Huie.

Farker, a former, hard-drinking Irishman, had grown up in the same run-down industrial area of Toronto as Barker, along King Street and St. Andrew Street, between the Munsey-Ferguson factory and the old meat manufacturing company. Barker was captured by the police in 1935, and Farker was turned his woman's-eye view of life—scent-free, selling women's perfume at Bathurst and Queen Streets at midnight in the kind of savvy that would take him into the attorney-general's office and then the work of a defense lawyer. Farker was a man of wit and charm and eloquence, that he deflected suspicion and needed self-love "because of my deprived background." When it came to Barker's trial, Farker knew how to fashion his true address. And in place of a spouse, stripped of distracting details, he had a woman, the "most beautiful" of the jury. "You may not like this man," he told them referring to Barker. "I sure you don't approve of the way he lives. But the important thing to remember is that this evidence doesn't help you decide whether he kidnapped someone—or if he intended he was kidnapped."

Basker was anguished. Now he had a new angle—he was a celebrity victim. Some of the more glibbie journalists would never see the man whose face carried the names of the Holy Grail. He was constantly praised and admired, a man who would reach for a steak while at dinner to demonstrate the way he had "let" his 5-11" throat if the problem 5-11" question didn't crop up, a man who one week after his surgical was back appearing for weeks while fans—some of them famous—dashed to the scene of the successful one at the Macy's Dear-Ally-Basker world that the more vulgar they were, the more sense elements of the middle class would lack to pay tribute to them.

As a celebrity victim he had one legitimate claim to fame. In the past few months he had been held without bail pending trial which, as his lawyer repeatedly pointed out, was not justified either by the evidence against him or Basker's past reliability while on bail. Still, as Basker himself said "It was a terrible thing to happen to me. I was so Al-Ally, the king himself, and I was

the press came to see me and interview me. Did you know Stephen Lewis has taken an interest in seeking some compensation for my incarceration? Oh yes, I'm going to make a lot of money out of this."

The whole defense was staged. It was the defense lawyer, William Farber, had used with much effectiveness in Barker's defense. But what were the elements in Johnson's life that made it so plausible a theme? "Even we never realized how muddled Johnson's financial affairs were until the trial," says Sergeant Mel Duffy of the Metro police, and the man who headed up the Investigative Support Services on the case. The difficulty in compounding Johnson's worth came from the same



 **British United
Automobiles**

Parker in childhood neighborhood (top left), Downtown Fine Cars (top right);
Witt: the prestige of big-car showrooms

on "handshake" agreements he made such as the partnerships with Dominican-born New Jersey resident Andre Rivera in running hotels in Florida, Texas, California and Ontario a 50-percent interest to each and nothing on the second. In court testimony, Johnson's Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce manager, Sandy Main, seemed confused by the numerous accounts and shifting values of Johnson's assets vs. liabilities.

By the time of his disappearance

Johnson's personal loans at \$144,000. He had been successfully used to non-payment of a real estate commission of \$25,000 that he didn't seem to have the cash to cover. According to Mann, the bank had guaranteed Johnson operating lines of credit, loans and various float plans that added up to commitments of about \$7 million. But Johnson's Marine Jeep Corp. was in receivership, and a Dallas car dealership which had been receiving cars and credit through British United Automobiles had become a lending proposition from the bank. Johnson's credit rating in the late 1970s was "A-1," and his debts were compensated by the early summer of 1979. Purchases of the Ode Forest Hill Road home for \$445,000 (with only \$28,000 cash down)

Johnson seemed able to arrange all this extensive credit on a house-of-cards policy. One company was put up as collateral against another. Each individual company might have had extensive holdings to secure the loans, but whether the value of those holdings as stated in the unswayed accounts submitted by Johnson to the bank for credit purposes was accurate seems dubious.

What Johnson seemed to illustrate best in his life was his effectiveness as a smooth-talking, quick-thinking entrepreneur. By 1959 when, as Louis Johnson remembers, the lifestyle of the Johnsons began to escalate, Fred understood the self-perpetuating chain of big name lawyers, accountants and banks all believing in one another. He cut back on using his small-town lawyer and moved into the expensive world of Prager and Beatty. That, thought Fred Johnson, was a firm that spoke the same language as the large corporate institutions.

"He never had a penny, never," says Walter Chornski, one of Johnson's closest friends. Chornski came to public attention on Dec. 12, 1974, when he went out to his 1974 blue Lincoln Continental parked in the garage of his Minneapolis home. As Chornski sat down in the car, his weight activated a switch connected to two sticks of dynamite. The car exploded. All that saved Chornski from being blown to bits was the solid steel construction of the Lincoln—a thought-

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actress that may be why the car is so revered by foreign politicians and members of certain professions. Still, even that was not enough to prevent Chomski's right leg from being blown to bits. The reason for this unfortunate picture to Chomski was never clearly explained. Chomski was in the *Mind of Business*—bookmaking and moneylending—when fellow competitors' feelings are very tender. Chomski recovered, and while in hospital his most regular visitor was Fred Johnson.

Black has been claimed about Johnson's respectability after his early prison record. Though guilt by association is an impetuous practice, associations do tell something about the basic values and interests of a man. In fact,

most firms that may be why the car is so revered by foreign politicians and members of certain professions. Still, even that was not enough to prevent Chomski's right leg from being blown to bits. The reason for this unfortunate picture to Chomski was never clearly explained. Chomski was in the *Mind of Business*—bookmaking and moneylending—when fellow competitors' feelings are very tender. Chomski recovered, and while in hospital his most regular visitor was Fred Johnson.

Chercher le femme. He exploits in Las Vegas were legendary. His treatment of his wife perdition—although she seemed content to remain in an arrangement that gave her a fine home, expensive cars and the chunky jewelry which was of considerable importance to her. But not without moments of rage. "We were not drinking till 11 p.m. one

lost it on a superstitious whim. "Lisa hated it," claims Chomski. "It was with them when Freddie was up \$10,000. She demanded her \$5,000 cut. He gave it to her. Then he lost \$10,000. She demanded her \$5,000 cut of the losses, too."

If there was any outstanding quality to the Johnsons, it was in their extraordinary inappropriateness for the social settings in which they suddenly found themselves. Fred Johnson himself seemed indifferent to middle-class norms. He would buy a \$1,000 white silk suit and wear it to his car parts on to a truck. Everyone, friend and enemy, agreed that material objects in themselves had no importance for Johnson. It was the going-getting there, swilling them, throwing them around—that gave him the kick. For Lisa Johnson, life was a different matter. The home in Forest Hill was the culmination of a climb up the slippery slope of social acceptance. But once established in her mansion she seemed oddly out of place.

Explained one neighbor: "She was an immediate housekeeper. But she employed no household help. She vacuumed the eight-bedroom house herself every day. And washed the windows."

At social gatherings she seemed like a lacquered apparition from the 1930s. Still wearing bouffant wigs and heavy make-up, she was known to change her dress four times at the same party. When she appeared for the first time at the Home and School Association for Forest Hill Collegiate, which her daughter was attending at the time, the meeting was filled with smart mothers in understated little dressy skirts and Turnbull & Ascher suits. Lisa came in tight trousers, high heels, pants, fox jacket and heavy makeup—in October.

But what was the appropriate place for the Johnsons? "Why are you going after Fred?" "Why are you going after Fred?" asked one of his business acquaintances. "Even if he did arrange his own kidnapping, how ever could he bring anyone. Not anyone that couldn't afford the loss." In a limited sense, except for Johnson's wife and daughter, he was right. The \$400,000 that brother-in-law "Yonnie" Dehabe lent to Fred Johnson's business ventures and would board about again—except to learn that it had been spent—does not appear to have permanently dented the lives of the Dehabe, who still holiday in Be-



The Johnson Forest Hill home with guest Lisa's new condominium (left), Chomski's house after 1974 (right): details of the police threat: narrow, deep, narrow.



Johnson's closest friends remained people like John Krakauer—an old business associate, currently under indictment for bank fraud—and associated bookmaker Walter Chomski. It was Chomski with whom Fred Johnson lodged and spent his after-hours drinking sessions. Chomski had spotted Johnson early on. "I thought the guy would be a high roller," he says. "Besides, I loved him. He was an honest charming old man."

Chomski advanced Johnson some of the money that first helped Fred set up his own business. The friendship be-

right," claims Chomski, "and it was really running bad. When we got back to Freddie's house in Mississippi, Lisa had put all her eggs out on the front lawn. She hated him staying out." Sometimes she never knew just how far out he had stayed. One night, after telling Lisa he was simply going to buy a newspaper, Johnson joined Chomski in a motel. The next day they flew to Vegas. After some heavy gambling, Johnson flew down to California to telephone Lisa and explain he was there to make business deals. It was the staff of Harold Kohlen's resort.

The gambling in Vegas went up and down. Johnson could make \$40,000 and



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space. Besides, DeBuchi has already launched a suit against the estate of Fred Johnson and hopes to recover some of the \$1 million he claims Johnson owes. Fred Johnson had thoughtfully taken out an insurance policy that would deliver the last portion of years'—about \$1 million in all—\$500,000 to be absorbed by the Chicago Life Assurance Company of Chicago. But Johnson had refused to pay it (though in court they maintained that they were actually continuing the search for Fred Johnson's whereabouts). The insurance was, however, slowly, by the sale of some of Johnson's holdings, and will perhaps be helped by the counter-suit against Youmans. The insurance policy also provides that the estate of Johnson, in which the clause DeBuchi and signatories are named, will be liable for any guarantees for debts for one of Fred's companies. All in all, the lawyers are making the fees, the courts are making the decisions, and the public is watching with study and interest as new battles are waged and examined for evidence of a discomfited Fred Johnson.

"He'll be back the moment he's declared legally dead and the insurance money has been paid out to Lisa and reinvested," said one close friend of Johnson's. "And what could anyone do to him. He'll claim amnesia or show you drug needle marks in his arm and there won't even be a case of public mischief to be made."

Lisa Johnson has moved from the legacy of Forest Hill. She has fraud her place for the time being, a rented condominium in the Torrance suburb of Wilmette. There are double-locks on her doors, a peephole and signs of her scrupulous housekeeping in the neatly laid plastic bags of dead leaves on the lawn.

At Metro police headquarters on Turner's Jarvis Street, the police continue to work. The files can't be closed until the man is found, and if they can't continue the 10-man squad, well, there's still a part-time force chipping in on it. And the man's through and lengthy the unsuccessful search. The police are not going to give in to legal attempts to have Fred Johnson declared legally dead—either that the dead seven-year waiting period. And so far the accused, though arrested, is not yet charged. The police believe Fred Johnson "kipped," the government, still seems to promote the idea that individual wealth exists only to be redistributed. Who can blame the police for being so concerned with the comforting thought that he was only robbing the rich? And then, of course, there is always the possibility that the catastrophic dead kidnapping was a hoax. The police are being by a gunman and taken to his death. So long as our system of justice exists, in the absence of solid evidence to the contrary, the taxpayers are bound to go on paying the cost of kidnapping of even Fred Johnson.

Don't become a missing person



Agriculture

Safety last: tests that fail the test

It was a kind of story that etched itself on a woman in Oakville, Ont., who was visiting her supermarket shopping one day in mid-August when the nation's employees calmly opening the front with an unceremonious. Horrified, she lodged a formal complaint. While the incident was quickly dismissed as harmless and "not planned," it held special significance, a chemical in the spray, one of more than 100 pesticides still on the Canadian market although their safety tests have been deemed invalid. Indeed, Canadians are getting doses of all sorts of chemicals with no assurances of safety. And furthermore, Canadian officials have been aware of the danger for years but have chosen to do little and pass even less.

Products are approved for sale in Canada on a sort of "best system." The chemical company that develops a product is responsible for paying a government fee to test for short- and long-term health hazards. The results are then submitted to the federal government for registration in Canada. Short of going to the considerable expense of duplicating all testing, the government has little choice but to trust that the procedures have been appropriate and the results honest. And this is where the honor system has broken down: In the past decade alone, separate cases of fraud involving more than a dozen labs or chemical companies have been uncovered in the United States.

The most serious recent case involves more than 500 pesticides tested by the American testing facility, Industrial Hygiene Laboratories (IHL), Washington. The Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) is investigating suspected fraud and incompetence in the procedures employed by the company to test possible long-term health hazards. As well, EPA spokesman Jim Sebastian says the agency is adding test results from "nine or 10 laboratories because of the possibility of careless or deliberately careless work."

Although problems with ITT's testing were first discovered in 1977, Canadian officials didn't release the list of suspect chemicals until mid-June—after three months of repeated inquiries from Saskatchewan's environment department, news media and MPA. In

cloned on the East (which is still growing) are dichlorous, used in "bought" strips and some fine cullies, delectable, a popular home and garden insecticide, effective, widely used on corn crops, potatoes, and fertilization, the controversial spray system in New Brunswick's spruce-baywood forest program. Dr. David Pennington, a health officer with the State's health environment department, says that by mid-August his department still had not received satisfactory information about how the tests were flawed. "When people ask us what is wrong with these chemicals, the answer is, ridiculously enough, 'We don't know.'" The Ontario government has taken a different



stances. "We have known all about this for the past three years," says George Cooper, chairman of the province's post-nuclear advisory committee. "But we feel it is a federal matter."

Dr. Alan Morrison, head of the federal health protection branch, is not overly concerned. "It isn't an aberration we can deal with," he says. "The widespread inability to trust them [laboratories and chemical companies] could mean the government stepping in to handle it, but I don't think that's the route to 'fixing it.' In fact, though the government has already spent \$400,000 investigating it, I bet alone. But that figure pales beside the \$300 million Morrison estimates it will cost the chemical industry to return the suspect pesticide discovered so far. He says that pulling all the chemicals off the market until the testing is completed four years from now would have severe economic effects on United States agriculture. ■

The problem has prompted new demands that the federal government establish its own testing facilities. Regina East MP Simon de Jong, the NDP's science critic, says private laboratories have proven they are simply not morally capable of doing the job. He is critical of a recent statement by federal



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Health Minister Manning Says that Canada is a small country that would have trouble testing all the chemicals in use here and should therefore take advantage of whatever information it can get elsewhere. Says de Jong: "The information we have been obtaining from other countries has proven to be false. The argument in favor of our own independent, trustworthy labs is just plain common sense."

Peter von Stackelberg

Three's a dud



WILLY & PHIL
Directed by Phil Muncy

The three characters in *Willy & Phil* meet at the beginning of the '70s, form a threesome as rapidly changeable as the decade itself, and, by 1988, have drifted apart. Willy (Michael Ondaatje), a Jewish teacher who wants to be a jazz pianist, meets Phil (Ray Sharkey), an Italian photographer who says he wants to be a film collector, after a showing of Truffaut's *Jules et Jim* (the greatest movie ever made about a threesome). The two meet Jeanette (Margot Kidder), the three become friends and on-again-off-again lovers. Jeanette has a child by Willy, who discovers porn and modulates in Yach. Phil goes to California and has his brain burned. Jeanette watches with split-film ingenuity. Finally, they move on to ordinary, conventional lives, the energy sapped out of them. In the last shot, Willy and Phil join by a new generation, done up in drug, fired up for *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*.

Willy & Phil is an accurate, if debilitating and depressing, replay of the '70s and the confusion of its rapid change brought about, but the movie seems to have had the energy and life sapped out of it by two Director Phil Muncy (*Sho & Carol & Ted & Alice*, *An Uncommon Woman*) has a true and large gift for the affection for each character on his character. This time, however, these characters just aren't very interesting, not worthy of the care Muncy puts in them. Doubtless the point of *Willy & Phil* is that the people who had drive and vitality have now turned into hapless zombies—Jerry Rubin now works as Wall Street. But the melancholy that hangs over this movie like a haze hasn't

Ondaatje, Kidder, Sharkey, Sellers (above)
posthumously causing his own currency

really been earned and the ironic narrative seems as painful as it is labored. Muncy is a first-rate writer and director, but his view of women is increasingly grotesque. Jeanette is apparently fascinating simply because she's a woman. It's a lucky thing for her that Jeanette is played by Margot Kidder, who would be mesmerizing doing a load of laundry. Always a master of the isolated sharp, detailed observation, Muncy still manages to bring the same wit to bear in *Willy & Phil* intentionally—an idiosyncrasy and trap, the missing Jewish and Italian families—but he strikes poses and attitudes.

Lawrence O'Toole

Last travesty in jaundiced yellow

THE PENOSIL PLOT OF DR FU MUNCHU
Directed by Peter Bogdanovich

Shame on them, Shame on all of them, from Hugh Hefner, who was a creative producer of this travesty, to the late Peter Sellers, who sadly diminishes himself and his great career in this, his last movie. Never mind that he gives his worst-ever performance in his worst-ever movie what is worse is that *The Penosil Plot of Dr Fu Munchu* operates on a level of surreal, outrageous racism that hasn't disgraced the screen since the Second World War. The humor in this alleged "satire" is prefabricated almost exclusively on the humiliation of the Oriental peoples, and while Sellers cannot be held responsible for the final version he must bear his



share of the blame

Yellow, naturally! Guess who all look alike to him? His Chinese housewife, his Chinese wife, his "friend" in London—a Chinese restaurant, too—but what can you expect from a movie that has its pretensions telling us how little it has to "tell us"?

And if his interpretation of Fu Munchu—Sax Rohmer's original mad-genius-out-to-rule-the-world—is nauseating, his other major role, that of lifting Fu purser for Sydney Smith, a racist anti-semitic. It's hard to accept that the man who caused multiple roles to an art form in *The Mouse That Roared* and *Dr. Strangelove* could do so little for his own career. John Grell

Unamusing muse on roller skates

THE SKELETON
Directed by Robert Greenwald

In the ridiculous and expensive fantasy musical *Xanadu*, Olivia Newton-John plays a muse. Times, though, have changed since she sat on Cleopatra's shoulder or danced on the rim of Shakespeare's quill and she has kept up with them. She's a roller-skating muse. Speaking in a soporific-dean voice, she announces in a disaffected commercial artist (Michael Beck), "I'm a muse," and shows him a dictionary definition to prove her point. He meets up with a former classmate (Gina Lollobrigida) who has also had dreams-be-damned and, with the help of herself, they open a nightclub called *Xanadu*. They have their runnings, but Newton-John is so perfectly persuasive they have little choice but to believe. This woman could make death seem a cheerful prospect. What could have possessed the people involved in *Xanadu* to go ahead with this utter nonsense? The dopey Mickey-and-Judy left-on-a-nightclub routine is tempting for another age, perhaps another planet. L.O.T.

Politics and plays vie for limelight

THE SEAGULL
By Anton Chekhov
Directed by Peter Phillips and Urie Kinsella

HENRY VI
By William Shakespeare
Adapted and directed by Peter Brighton

POETRY
By Susan Cooper and Hume Cronin
Directed by Peter Phillips and Peter Moss

Sharing centre stage with the latest offering at Stratford was last week's long-awaited announcement about the Festival's reconstructed repertoire. At its request, John Phillips is no longer sole artistic director, but he will maintain a first-come, first-served system in a newly created two-man committee that will share many of his artistic and administrative responsibilities. The news is seen as a personal triumph for Phillips, a view concisely endorsed by his masterful production of *The Seagull*, directed with Festival literary manager Urie Kinsella) of Anton Chekhov's *The Seagull*. They have been greatly aided by a limpid new adaptation by Calgary playwright John Murrell, who has translated the text into the colloquial without understanding the

play's original setting in provincial literary Russia. *The Seagull* is stuffed with uncredited line. Maggie Smith plays the vain and frivolous actress Irina Andreevna with appropriate though something imperfectly, but her capture of her passionately inept love, the self-chained author Trigorin (Brian Bedford), is a revelation: not to force Bedford is outstanding, especially when he entrances the mourning sisters Nina (Sabrina Maxwell) with his self-centered theory of drama. Brian's son Konstantin (Jack Wehrhall) remains devoted to Nina during and after her affair with Trigorin, but their final meeting is weak—although Wehrhall and Maxwell sensibly convey the self-conscious embarrassment of adolescence in the earlier scenes, the eventual dumping of innocence seems to extinguish a dramatic flame as well. The production recovers quickly with a poignant concluding tableau—Irina smiling at Trigorin, ignorant of her son's suicide, transfixed in unwilling joy.

Although Shakespeare dispenses the tumultuous events of *Henry VI* with

Fanny, Craven, merrily folk, countrymen



over three plays, director Pam Brighton's four-hour condensation does a remarkable job of capturing the abundant treasures that fuelled the Wars of the Roses. The first act is an audience-crushing marathon, however, and this bloody history could probably be cut even further without losing any vital parts.

But the players save the day through sheer physical effort and several strong characterizations. In particular, Nicholas Pennell vividly creates two quite different, yet equally dangerous, Bedford and Gloucester, and Stephen Russell is suitably pious and shimmering as the next monarch. With few female roles available, it's unfortunate that Lane Galloway as Margaret is often unconvincing, though she will be well helped by Michael Ragan's exuberant costume which at one point transforms her into a Wagnerian Valkyrie with a red Chinese pagoda. Some of his design concepts are downright amusing: the English soldiers come up and down his steep wood ramping trip endlessly on their endless cloaks, and the soldiers breathe out when Henry finally turns up in sackcloth and ash.

Extensive Ragan's worst excesses would improve the production immeasurably and do some justice to Brighton's classy adaptation and direction.

Poetry is a sentimental fictional drama based on the legends of a state of Appalachian mountain folk and their country wren. Developer Peter Carpenter (Richard Mansueti) wants widow Anna (Jessica Tandy) to sell her small northern Georgia homestead, her singer son (John Phillips) is his her to leave and look after his mother-in-law. Annie consults Horan, (Hume Cronin) her late husband's ghostly uncle ("There's no clear" like daylight between the lines to clear a man's mind," he chides), and reluctantly sells out. Like Horan, *Poetry* has a soul but no body—the mixture of old-time anecdotes, contemporary social issues and domestic drama hasn't yet yielded. But Phillips and Cronin have directed the fine cast with pure hands, and Phillips is to be commended for granting the play the early exposure it needs to start reviving Cronin and Susan Cooper can rewrite it into shape.

Although his own production this year has ranged from bad to beautiful (the result of an executive work lead), Phillips has still continued a surprisingly popular season. Now that his creative inclinations have been given free rein and the longed-for Toronto-based second home for the Festival is almost within reach, the curtain is about to rise—and now two acts—on the second act of the Phillips era at Stratford.

Mark Cascardi

Column

Ronnie & Jimmy—not even their parties want them

By Alan Fotheringham

There was a delightful little scene in New York last week. Two tow-truck drivers engaged in a spirited debate at 9 a.m. as to their relative places in a truck lineup. The loser in the argument departed in the direction of a hardware store, purchased a machete, sharpened it and returned at 11 a.m. to chop off the arm of his unsympathetic opponent who sat blithely in his cab, his elbow out the window.

As he sat smugly in his spot, his fellow workers gawked the amputated arm in awe and rushed it to hospital, where it was sewed back on. Life in the city of sophistication proceeded as usual.

There was somewhat the same approach to the game of competitive politics in the Democratic convention in the fabled corners of Madison Square Garden as the personalities of Jimmy Carter chopped off, for the second American political gathering this year, the embarrasment of an actual contest. The example is most instructive for anyone devoted to the many flaws of the Canadian political system: whatever the weaknesses, we have no clear advantage over the Yanks. Leadership contests are too costly, are too messy and ritual ennobling of candidates who have found a way around winning convention approval.

First in Detroit, with the anachronism of Roman gladiators and now with the increasingly smiling Georgians, the two American parties have demonstrated that the candidate who cleverly exploits the primary system has made the volatile and unpredictable non-system tradition obsolete. Why risk the emotions and the secret poisons that could be let loose by that memorable Teddy Kennedy speech when it can be all sewed up in carefully orchestrated primaries in the end of Iowa nine months previous?

When Pierre Trudeau was chased

Alan Fotheringham is a columnist for the *AP News Service*.

right to a fourth ballot by a gaining Robert Winters in 1968, there were nine men in the race for the Liberal leadership—at least five of whom would have made very acceptable prime ministers. When Joe Clark snuck out of the pack to snatch the Tory leadership, at least four of the candidates might have taken the crown. The element not only of suspense, but of consent skills, is still intact in Canadian politics. It seems to have disappeared from the most demo-



cratic country of all. The gradually returning Kennedy whipped Carter in six of the 50 largest states (three of the top four) and by the end of the primaries was clearly the better campaigner. He controlled this convention, brilliantly galvanizing it with a speech that was almost as good as Trudeau at his best, his troops controlling the platform, his new stature secure as the man Carter must court.

What is so depressing about the emasculation of the convention as a living body is that there is little real chance to capture the significant differences between the parties. In Detroit, the delegation from California, one of the largest and most affluent states, reeked of country-club reaction. Reagan had long ago captured the Republican precincts of that state and the parade makeup was impressive even to the blurring TV lights. In New York, with the Democrats, there are black fans, Chicacos, Mexican women and polychrome faces, an ample black woman in a green

silk dress with the Derek beads festooning her hair. California, the cutting edge of American culture, emphasized most of all the true differences between the parties.

And the reason for all this spectacle—since both Republicans and Democratic candidates needed their victories long before the conventions? He sits, God on high, homestead behind the great glass shield, towering over the petty squabbles down on the packed floor: the white man of Walter Cronkite, his back to the action, his avuncular manner demanding the scenes, the benign orchestrator of all this meaningless spectacle. It is Cronkite who makes or breaks (as he did Gerald Ford) vice-presidential candidates. The massive fortresses of the three networks dominate Madison Square Garden, making positive sure of the delegates, the people in fancy hats were let players in the struggle for nations.

Rather and Reisman are someone's movie stars down on the floor. Delegates of democracy who have no larger any say in the selection of a presidential candidate are content to beg for autographs and to admire those who dispense power through microphone and camera. There is no more room on the floor for demonstrations, the ramulate camera crews now command all the space. The process has been covered. The watchers have become the watched. In a four-day convention that has already been decided, the delegates are as spare-carriers in a Shakespearean spectacle at the Old Vic.

With the smother of the primary system that started out four years ago, the Republicans find themselves with a 60-year-old candidate who has held only one elected office in his life. With the Carter troops short-circuiting Kennedy early with skillful primary tactics, the Democrats find themselves with a run-up-Kennedy whom they would rather rather have than the incumbent. Under the present rules, both parties find themselves with candidates they do not really want.



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